TRIP TO EUROPE

C. C. METZ

FOREWORD

In order to put my impressions gained while in Europe into some permanent form, for future reference for my family and for myself, I started out, at the first, to take notes of what I saw and what transpired every day from the time the boat left New York on June 28th, 1913, until my return the following October.

There was no intention, on my part, to do more than make this memoranda for my private use, and have a few typewritten copies made from the notes after my return. I had hardly arrived home, however, until a few of my friends asked me for an outline of my trip. I complied in a few instances with this request, but the outline was not at all satisfactory to myself, for, at best, it was only fragmentary and could not, for that reason, be of much benefit to anyone. From a further request of friends to share the pleasure and benefits of my trip, I was led to rewrite my notes, and, with some additional data in my possession, have been enabled to put them into more permanent shape.

What these notes contain are simply my own impressions, without any attempt at historic exactness or literary display. Either would be a presumption on my part. Errors have crept in, but I trust my friends will overlook these defects and regard them merely as a friendly contribution from one friend to another.

CHARLES C. METZ.

Trip to Europe

Starting from Newark, Ohio, on June 24th, 1913, I arrived in New York about 10 A. M. June 25th. Thursday morning after breakfast, the 26th, I walked from the Pennsylvania Station on 34th Street to Fifth Avenue, stopped at the Waldorf Hotel, and later took the elevated cars for Cathedral Park to get a view of the new cathedral of St. John, the Divine, now under construction. I was very fortunate in meeting the curator of the church, who was very courteous and willing to give me all the information desired. He gave me the past history of the building, and what was proposed for its ultimate completion.

On my return I stopped at one of the Child's restaurants on Broadway for dinner. These Child's restaurants, by the way, are the most wonderful, up-to-date eating houses in the City, and in fact, the best equipped dining places I have ever seen anywhere. In New York one of these restaurants may be seen every few blocks. All are painted white outside and in, and everything about them is kept scrupulously clean; the cooking is good and the price moderate. I ate at three different ones while here. At the one on Broadway, near the Woolworth Building, I asked the cashier how many they could serve a day, and she told me that they served on an average 8000 daily.

After dinner I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, and on my return, took the tunnel cars for Hoboken, to see if I could get a view of the "Patricia," the steamer on which I was to cross the ocean. She was a one-cabin boat of the Hamburg-American line, and had just been painted for her voyage, and was in her slip at the Hoboken docks, her hull being loaded with all kinds of goods, as freight. It is remarkable the amount of ballast one of these steamers carries, in addition to the number of passengers booked for the trip. After watching the loading of the ship for a time, I returned to my hotel on 34th Street, near the Pennsylvania Station. I got my supper and retired early, as I was tired and contemplated going to the Art Gallery the next morning.

Friday, June 27th

Took a double-deck bus on Fifth Avenue and went directly

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to the Gallery, bought a catalogue and paid my admission fee, which is 25 cents on Friday, every other day in the week being free. Saw the original painting, "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, also "The Battle of Friedland," by Meissonier, sold to the New York Art Club for $66,000. I went rather hurriedly through the different rooms of the building, as I had not the time to make a close study of the work, and more particularly because I expected to visit the gallery again on my return in the fall.

Saturday, June 28th.

Took the ferry boat for Hoboken this morning, and upon my arrival at the Hamburg-American pier found the "Patricia" ready to take on her cargo of human beings for the opposite shores, most of them destined for Hamburg. Twelve o'clock was the hour when she was to take her departure. It was now ten o'clock and the passengers began to assemble, and by a quarter to eleven quite a crowd had gathered on the pier. The gang-plank was now lowered and a steady stream of people boarded the vessel, until about 600 passengers and many of their friends were on board. A few minutes before twelve o'clock a signal was given that all but passengers must retire. The ship's band began to play; the gang-plang was raised to its position on the deck; the ship was loosed of its moorings the big engines were being put into motion, and the vessel swung around in the harbor. Handkerchiefs were brought forth for the double purpose of wafting a parting farewell to friends left behind and for many to wipe the tears from their eyes, whose parting evidently meant more than just a temporary one, perhaps long or permanent separation. I had often heard of the leave-taking of passengers on an ocean steamer, and at one time saw a ship leave Charleston Harbor, but I had never before been a passenger on one myself.

When we got fairly started, my first thought was to locate some of the Temple Tour party, of which I was a member, and in a few moments as I was carrying my suit-case to the check-room, a lady, seeing my name, asked me if I was one of the Temple Tour party, and when I told her that I was, asked me if I had seen Mr. Kitchin, the conductor. I said "No," and then as I turned a little to one side I saw by a badge pinned on a man's coat, that he was the person we had been looking for and I said to the lady, "Here is our conductor." It was not long before half of our party had gotten together.

A few moments later a bugle call was sounded for lunch, which was our first meal on board the boat. As it was a little

late, most of us had a good appetite. Here, by a pre-arranged plan, our party, thirteen in number, were seated at one table, each chair and napkin ring being marked with our respective names, as previously assigned, and it was here that we all first met. Our table was in the corner on the leeward side of the boat and Mr. Kitchin was at the head; next was Professor Loving and wife, from Richmond, Virginia; Mr. G. R. Bell, of Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Bowman, of Wisconsin; Miss Frances E. Corey, Newton Falls, Ohio; Mrs. H. L. Sturgis, of Wilton, Conn.; Miss Marian Van Buskirk Sturgis, of Wilton, Conn.; Miss Louise May Hermann, of Genessee, Idaho; C. C. Metz, of Newark, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Baumgartner, of Decatur, Texas; Mrs. Adelaide W. Colton, of Danvers, Mass., and Mr. J. W. Copeman, of Flint, Mich.

We had a fine German band on board and it rendered some appropriate selections during the dinner hour. Our bill of fare was in German: gabratenes rindfleisch, gabratenes schweinefleisch, apfalschnitz, kartoffal salat, hollender kase, kaffee und tea. After luncheon the passengers were busily occupied in locating their state-rooms, steamer chairs and blankets. Steamer chairs and blankets are usually rented and arranged for when the passage is engaged, but this is not obligatory. It is safer, however, if steamer chairs are desired, to engage them beforehand, as only a limited number can be placed on the deck. They are a great comfort and especially to persons who are prone to sea-sickness. Many do not leave their steamer chairs from morning until night.

The day had been a beautiful one and we were making good headway, and getting well out into the ocean. At six our trumpeter called us to dinner, which was fine, and by this time the ladies had had an opportunity to change their traveling attire, so that quite a noticeable change had taken place in the general appearance of the company. After the tables were cleared the band gave a concert, both of instrumental and vocal selection, and as the band was a very fine one the music was enjoyed by everybody present. It was now 10 o'clock, so we all gradually retired to our state-rooms. The room to which I was assigned was a large one and was occupied by five persons, three of them from Springfield, Ohio, one from Denver, Colorado, and myself. The young man from Denver was G. R. Bell, a medical student, a member of our party, and he became my room-mate on the balance of the trip through Europe after we reached Hamburg.

Sunday, June 29th

This morning I was one of the first up, 6:30. The band played "Nearer My God To Thee," and at 7:30 the trumpeter called us to breakfast. Beefsteak, fish, fried potatoes, eggs, hot rolls and butter, coffee, tea and chocolate. This being Sunday, we had services in the dining room at 10 o'clock, and all was in German. It was the first German sermon I had heard for a long time. Nearly every member of the ship's crew was German and many of the passengers. Luncheon was ready and we who were at the first table repaired to the dining room. At the dinner table our conductor asked us to be in our deck chairs after the meal, as he had something to communicate to us. Accordingly, we were all ready to hear what he had to say. He reminded us of the prevailing custom of paying tips, which, of course, most of us knew something about, but few knew, under the circumstances, just what amount would be fair to all parties concerned. He said while giving tips was not compulsory, the custom was so prevailing that to stint in this outlay would only array a displeasure against one, and render one's service inferior. He estimated that about $3.00 each, or $39.00, would cover the bill for our party. This would be divided as follows: To the table-steward, the state-room steward, and the deck steward. The latter takes up the chairs, takes care of the blankets, and after the deck is scrubbed, which is done every morning, he replaces the chairs and blankets in the same order in which they were the day before.

At 3 P. M. we have a lunch, coffee and coffee kuchen. At 10 A. M. we get boullion and crackers. This is a German custom on this line and is strictly followed every day. By many the afternoon was spent in reading, by others in talking and walking about the deck. After the dinner table had been cleared, most of the passengers again assembled in the dining room to listen to a concert by the band. Most of the selections were of sacred music, appropriate for Sunday. Many of the people are now leaving, as the retiring hour is drawing near. This evening there appears to be a little more of a breeze, and the water is slightly rougher.

Monday, June 30th

This morning our breakfast consists of beef-steak, Saratoga chips, scrambled eggs, pfan-kuchen, coffee and tea. Most of the people are again on deck, some in their steamer chairs reading, others exercising by walking about, while some are writing letters, which may be mailed as soon as we reach

French territory, several days before we get to our destination. Mr. Kitchin loaned me a book on Rome, but there is so much talking and so much going on that I get very little out of it. The band has now come on deck and taken its position near us on the starboard side of the ship. This is considered the best position on deck. The regular meals, between lunches, musical entertainments furnished by these ocean steamers, besides the incidental entertainments furnished by the talent among the passengers, of which there is more or less on every voyage, leaves little time for one to get lonesome. Our dining hall is about fifty feet square, is beautifully decorated in white and gold, with mahogany or cherry furniture. It is used for a dining room, concert hall, place of worship and business meetings.

I made the acquaintance of two very interesting young ladies from Flint, Michigan, today. They are teachers there and are making this trip to spend their vacation in Berlin. They told me that they had taken a similar trip last summer in other parts of Germany. The deck is being cleared and cleaned for a dance tonight, so it is seen that there is no lack of entertainment for any one that has a disposition to be entertained.

Tuesday, July 1st.

Have just been to breakfast. The passengers seem to be in the best of spirits, as the weather is fine and the sea without a ripple. Very pleasing and valuable information can be obtained by coming in contact with the class of people usually found on these ocean trips. Many have travelled extensively before. The passengers are mostly a traveling class, or of a traveling disposition, such as professors, teachers, or literary inclined people, who go abroad for instruction.

It is nearing lunch time again, and it seems that there is little else to do but eat. Few people take notes and some of our party seem inclined to believe that my time could be more profitably spent. We have a few in our party who are well read, and know what to look for and where to find it. It is a great advantage for one to know what is worth while, and where to look for it. One lady in our party had her Baedeker with her wherever she went. She had been a teacher, had traveled extensively, belonged to literary clubs and societies at home, and was one of the best informed persons on the general topics of the day of anyone in our party. Of course, we all had the benefit of her knowledge, and the pleasant thing about it all was that she was perfectly willing to impart

it to anyone desiring information. Opinions differ somewhat as to what to see and how to see it, and much depends upon the temperament and inclination of the person.

After the dinner hour many spend part of the evening exercising. One lady told me she walked a mile and a half before breakfast this morning. A young German, who spoke fairly good English, walked around the deck playing a mouth harp, and some forty passengers of all ages followed him to the tune of his harp. It was great fun for them and furnished amusement for the balance.

Wednesday, July 2nd

This is one of the brighest and most delightful mornings we have had yet. We have been to breakfast and are sitting in our accustomed places, our steamer chairs. These chairs and steamer rugs are about as necessary a part of the voyage paraphernalia as anything that can be thought of. In fact, it would often be very uncomfortable without them. Some of us are reading, some writing and others are talking. Occasionally one gets tired or run down and the only way to get wound up again is take a little nap. This is our fifth day on board and we are nearly half way across the ocean. Our ocean trip, so far experienced, has been one of the most delightful things I ever participated in. After lunch some of our party went down on the steerage deck to play a game called shuffle-board. This is the only game that can be played on the decks. In the cabin, cards and dominoes are played by some. The evening after dinner was spent about as usual.

Thursday, July 3rd

It looked a little hazy this morning, but is clearing up fine now. Have just been to breakfast and enjoyed it very much, as usual. Our conductor has given us special type-written sheets of our itinerary, one to each two persons of our party. These give a detailed memoranda of the different places we are to visit, the number of hours or days we are to stay at each place, and the arrival and departure of our trains and boats. Mr. G. R. Bell and myself had an allotment and I was made the custodian of it. Mr. Kitchin proposed yesterday that one man out of our number each day pay all the incidental expenses of the day, and each member contribute their share and settle in the evening with the man in charge. This, he said, would obviate the necessity of each making change

and paying his own bills. He said that he had tried this method before and that it worked well.

As the first city we visited after leaving Hamburg was Berlin, and as I was the only one in our party who could talk German, I was designated to make the first attempt. I was, however, a little fearful that the German money would be so unfamiliar to me that I might not be able to perform the task. But as there was none of the party who, in regard to language, was any better qualified, I agreed to the proposition and promised to do the very best I could.

This is the sixth day on shipboard and is the first variation in the weather we have had since we started. Every day previous to this has been bright and perfectly delightful. The sailors are now putting up the storm curtains on the starboard side of the ship, as there is quite a mist and later it turned to a fine rain. Some said they liked the change, for it was getting monotonous as it was. We are now having our usual evening concert and as tomorrow is the Fourth of July, some of our patriotic passengers are making a special effort to celebrate the day in regular American fashion. About three-fourths of the passengers are either German or American born Germans, and many who are teachers have more or less knowledge of the German language, so this makes it a regular German crowd, with the American spirit predominating. With a list of nearly 600 passengers, almost every state in the Union is represented. With so many on board, one may meet and get acquainted with a person one day and may not meet that person again for several days, and perhaps never again during the whole voyage; yet those who are with a party and are touring together and sit at the same table become as one family, interested in each other, ready to share and contribute to each other's comfort and pleasure.

Friday, July 4th

Most of the passengers are up early and getting ready to celebrate. The dining hall has been beautifully decorated with appropriate bunting, flags, banners, etc. The first number on the program after breakfast is the reading of the Declaration of Independence, followed by a grand march around the deck of the boat, headed by the band, passengers following in line. After marching around several times the band stopped and played some of the American National airs and the Wacht Am Rhein. The exercises are to be continued during the afternoon, and our lunch will be more elaborate, with a fine dinner, and ending with a dance. Most of the passengers are buying

tickets for the concert tonight and for the dance. The money raised is to go to the Society of the Sailors' Relief Fund, and it is said that $75.00 has been received from the sale of tickets. The exercises consisted of an address by Senator Grace, of Michigan, which was very cleverly done. Several solos were rendered, both instrumental and vocal, and one violin solo was especially fine. Some efforts in elocution were attempted with some success. The band rendered some beautiful selections and the program ended with a song by the assembly, "Our Fatherland." The dance followed.

Saturday, July 5th.

Breakfast is over and many are on deck. We are discovering something in the distance that looks like a sail ship, and as it is becoming more distinct, we make out that it is a schooner flying the British colors, and also discover that instead of coming toward us, it is going in the same direction. Our boat has been going so much faster that we have been overtaking it. We were very close when we passed and much excitement was manifested by the crew of the English boat and our own in saluting and recognizing each other. The sea is very calm, but I should study a good while before I should risk my life in such a small craft as that was. Lunch and dinner were served at the usual time and most of the afternoon and evening has been spent in reading and letter writing.

Sunday, July 6th

I am informed that the services this morning are to be in English and that a Baptist minister from Philadelphia is to preach the sermon, a Rev. Mr. Dox. His text was from Genesis, "And the evening and the morning was the first day. He certainly preached a wonderful sermon. After the service many of the people who had heard him, especially members of the Baptist church, went up and spoke to him, and I, knowing that he was from Philadelphia, went up and asked him if he knew Mr. J. A. Bennett. He said, "Joseph Bennett? Certainly I know him, he is a particular friend of mine. We were class-mates and entered the ministry about the same time." He introduced me to his wife and we had a very pleasant chat. Everybody with whom I talked at the time was as favorably impressed with Mr. Dox's sermon as I was. His treatment of the text was beautiful and scholarly.

Most of the afternoon was spent by the passengers in writing letters, as we were to make a short stop at Boulogne, on the French coast, and where mail may go forward several days

before we reach Hamburg. Many were waiting their turn at the several writing desks in the cabin, anxious to write and get the mail off when the boat stopped. In the evening we had a service again in German. After service the ladies and gentlemen on board furnished some good music, both instrumental and vocal.

Monday, July 7th

Bugle call at 7 for breakfast. Pan-cakes and marmalade, eggs in various styles, ham, beef-steak, Saratoga chips, tea and coffee. The menu varies every meal in some respects, yet there is a certain sameness about the cooking and serving that would soon become tiring. Had a game of shuffle-board, but the air was a little disagreeable this afternoon on the lower deck, so that I soon came in. Wrote a few letters and later watched another boat that had made its appearance in the distance. This is the second boat we have seen today.

There is to be a mock trial held in the dining hall this evening. The case, I am told, is an action for damages by reason of a breach of promise. We have had our dinner and the second table is being cleared to make ready for the trial. The people are now gathering in the dining room and much interest is manifested and much amusement anticipated. The trial is to be conducted as if it were an actual occurrence. Senator Grace, from Michigan, was the attorney for the plaintiff and Mr. E. J. Link, of Springfield, Ohio, was the attorney for the defendant. There was a jury impanelled (all ladies) and witnesses were sworn. The clerk of the court was in his place and a judge presided. The humorous part of the trial was the examining of witnesses and the testimony adduced. It was carried out in the cleverest manner and furnished the most intense amusement. About nine o'clock the lawyers had finished, and the jury retired to deliberate on the merits of the case, and in a short time returned with a verdict of ten pfennig damages for the plaintiff. After the trial a small collection was taken for the benefit of the deck stewards.

Tuesday, July 8th.

This is another bright morning, although a little cooler. The air feels fresh and bracing and many of the passengers are walking the deck for exercise. Everyone seems to feel in the best of spirits. Rev. Mr. Dox, when he finds me writing my notes, tells me not to forget him in my will. He is a large, jolly, good man and I have learned to like and admire him. We expect to see land by tonight in the neighborhood of

Boulogne, but hardly will land there before tomorrow. I had been taking a little nap in my chair and when I awoke and looked up I saw the first sea-gull since we put to sea. I spoke about it to a lady and she said, "Yes, look there," and I saw a large number of them. She then stated that we were nearing the French coast.

We have just come from lunch and find ourselves in the English channel, and can see a light-house and land beyond, said to be Lizard Point. Many of the passengers are having their maps out and are trying to make out just where we are located. What we saw a short time ago is the Wolford Light-house. We also discern a little of the coast of Ireland. Professor Kochenberg is my informant. We will also pass the Isle of Wight some time in the night. We had a surprise this evening by the captian, in the way of an extra fine dinner, a sort of farewell banquet, and it was novel as well as good. Every plate had a roll of tinsel and tissue paper on it. It was to be pulled apart, and when that was done it made a slight noise like a cracker and inside was a verse and a paper cap, and there were scarcely two alike in color or shape. Nearly all, of course, wore one of the caps, and with the many good things to eat, a delightful time was had.

Wednesday, July 9th.

This morning after breakfast nearly every passenger is out on deck and is trying to trace out the English coast on the one side and the French on the other. Fishing boats are to be seen on every hand and field glasses are out in abundance in making observations. About 10 o'clock land on the English side is disappearing, and land on the French side is coming more prominently into view. As I was sitting in the cabin today a young lady asked me if I were conducting a tour. I told her I was not, that I was only a member of the Temple Tour party, and she said that she observed that our party had more books and was the best prepared of any party on the boat. She told me that she was with a party of seven young ladies from Nashville, Tenn.

Boulogne is coming prominently into view as we proceed, and finally we can make out what some of the buildings are. When we get a little nearer we anchor in the bay outside of the city. We were here about an hour, during which time the transfer of passengers and mail to and from shore was made by transfer boats. A few people came on board, but none of our passengers stopped off here. From Boulogne is where our mail goes forward to New York.

Thursday, July 10th

Rose early this morning, about 4:30, and took a walk on deck of about two miles. I am told that it takes fifteen times around to make a mile. We were informed this morning that the Imperator passed us about three o'clock. Everyone is regretting that it passed so early that we could not see it. I have just packed my suit-case and am now ready to go ashore any time. I am looking to the east and am viewing the most beautiful sunrise I ever saw in my life. I am told that our ship is to anchor here and that we are right in the mouth of the Elbe. We can see Cuxhaven in the distance. I have seen beautiful sunrises before, but I have never seen the sun with such brilliancy and coloring. It is 8:45 here at sunrise and it is said that the difference in time between here and New York is six hours. I have had quite a time to keep my watch regulated.

HAMBURG

Friday, July 11th

Got up at 4:30, and am taking my morning walk. Saw an early sunrise, which was certainly beautiful. We are now nearing Cuxhaven, where the customs house is and where our baggage is to be examined. We are to have our breakfast at six o'clock this morning, which is about ready. We take a train here into Hamburg.

The buildings here and the general surroundings present quite a different appearance from anything I have ever seen before. The color of the buildings is mostly a combination of white, bronze and green, with white predominating, with many little spires and turrets and the prevailing red tile roofs. The land looks better to me here than at Boulogne, where it seems rather barren, and while the grass looks green, it has not the rich, dark green appearance it has in America.

We arrived after a railroad ride of about two hours at Hamburg, 10:30. From here we went directly to the American express office to get exchanges, ate our dinner at a restaurant nearby and arranged for a tallyho to take us to Hagenback's Zoological Garden, which cost us about $1.25 each. Hagenback's trained animals at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 made quite a reputation for these people in America at that time, but I must confess I was a little disappointed here. The park was large and the animals were of many varieties, but they were not in that clean and fine condition

that I have seen them in at Central Park, New York, or Cincinnati, Ohio.

On our return we passed Bismarck's Monument in one of the Parks and in going through a fine part of the residence district, we were wonderfully impressed with the flower decorations of the balconies, second, third and fourth stories as far as one could see on both sides of the street. The flowers were mostly geraniums and vines, and were as fresh and bright as any I had ever seen. I wondered at it and remarked that I had never seen such a display before. This seemed to be the fashion nearly everywhere, and it was not long before I discovered the reason why the flowers looked so beautiful and fresh. It is owing to the even temperature, which seldom goes to eighty, and to the entire absence of that extreme sun heat that we have during almost the entire month of July.

We are now getting back to the place we started from, the American Express office on Alster Strasse, which fronts on the river, and on which are located some of the big steamship, railroad and express offices of the city. As in most all other foreign cities, Cook's is represented by one of the finest buildings on the street. The Hamburg-American Steamship line has a fine stone building in which their offices are located. I was impressed with their motto on a stone slab above the third story in front, "'Unser Feld ist die Weld.''

We now go back to the depot to see about our baggage, which we have left in the check room, and to get definite information regarding our departure for Berlin, which we are told is to be about 4 o'clock. As it is now after two, we have not long to wait. I am already experiencing things that are novel and entirely foreign to anything one sees in an American city. The depot here is a large and very fine one, and the throng at train-time is sometimes so great that one simply has to push oneself through. The waiting rooms are for ladies and gentlemen together, and are all provided with small tables and chairs. Here eatables and drinks are served, the latter usually consisting of beer. While in an American depot the time is passed in anxiously waiting, it is made a social pastime here.

I met seated at one of these tables a young lady, a friend of hers and the latter's father, all of whom had been companions of mine on the trip from Cuxhaven to Hamburg. I had often heard and read of the compartment coaches of Europe, but this was the first time I had had the opportunity to ride in one of them. They certainly promote sociability. On this trip I learned that the young lady, her friend and the

latter's father had crossed the ocean with me, and I did not remember having seen any of them until I met them in the car, but during the short time we were on the train together, we got very well acquainted. The gentleman lived in one of the western states, came from Germany a good many years ago, and was making the trip back to his native town, taking his daughter and her friend with him.

Just outside the waiting room in the big assembly hall of the depot, which was still crowded, our party was standing together in a group, and as we had about an hour or so to wait, our conductor told us we might disperse for an hour, and meet again promptly at the same place at 4 o'clock. I thought I would improve this opportunity by writing several post cards home and did so on the ledge of one of the windows. The time passed more rapidly than I was aware of, the party reassembled at the appointed place, went to the baggage room, ordered the baggage to the train, and proceeded to the platform below, and track number for Berlin. When the party got to the car they missed me, and Mr. Loving went back as far as the check room, but when he could not find me he returned and very nearly missed the train himself.

When I found that I had belated myself and that our train had actually gone, I took the matter philosophically, and enquired for the next train for Berlin, which I was told went an hour later and was a fast train. I had not long to wait, and we sped along at quite a fast rate. I was told that the fast trains make nearly as good time as they do in America, for the country through Germany is quite level, the road-bed is perfect and every precaution is taken to make traveling safe. The fast trains have only first, second and third class coaches, with about four or five compartments in each coach. Some have access only from the door to each compartment, while most of them have a vestibule on one side and are entered from the end as ours are. Each compartment is marked, 1st class, 2nd class, 3rd or 4th class, as the case might be. Few travel first class. The respectable traveler at home or from abroad goes second class. The economical traveler and generally the business man travels third class; and all the peasant folk, the market people with their baskets and bundles, peddlers and laborers with their luggage, who are obliged to stand when the seats at each end are filled, travel 4th class, who are all accommodated here at a very nominal fare. The finish and furnishings of these cars are of the simplest and plainest, wood slat seats at each end of the compartment, with

quite a space between for the disposition of any kind of baggage one may have. This is quite a boon for the poor, for hardly anyone is barred from visiting or taking a vacation, as the fare is only a trifle.

Here, as on my ride from Cuxhaven to Hamburg, I took quite an interest in the agricultural products of the country, the manner in which they were cultivated and the small space occupied by each plot. There seems to be not more than three to five acres in one of these pieces of ground, marked off as if by a string. Various crops are grown in this way side by side for miles—wheat, barley, rye, oats, potatoes, peas, beans, etc. These little patches seem more like gardens to an American. Every inch here is cultivated. No waste places or weeds can be seen in miles of travel, and no doubt the yield on this land is double or more than that on our farmland in America.

Most of the dwellings through here are of brick, one and one-half stories high, seldom two, with tile roofs. Few of them seem to be over four or five room houses, and yet there appears to be an air of comfort about these surroundings that is not apparent in many other places. Even in Hamburg, that great metropolis, they built their flats with spacious balconies on every floor, and decorate them with a profusion of flowers and vines; and it seems that even in a large city, home is what we make it, and these houses certainly speak well of German home life.

BERLIN

I was now nearing the City of Berlin, the capital of Germany, and at 8 o'clock arrived at the Hamburger Banhoff (Depot). I had forgotten the name of our hotel, and as the lamps had already been lighted, it was difficult for me to know which was the best way to find my party. However, I put my thoughts together and concluded to go to some of the officials of the depot and find where the baggage belonging to the Temple Tour party had been sent. The man I asked told me to follow him, and after making inquiry at the different baggage departments told me that the Temple Tour baggage had gone to the Hotel De France. I told him that was the place, for then I remembered well the name of the hotel. He told me that it was a good way off and that I had better hire a drosky, which would cost me fifty pfennig. This conveyance was a one-seated affair with a top and a seat just behind, and was drawn by one horse.

I seated myself inside and the uniformed driver got on his high perch above me, and took me down one of the most

beautifully lighted streets I had ever seen. It was not long before we came to the Brandenburg Gate, patterned, it is said, after the Propylae at Athens. After passing through this arch, we continued down what I thought to be one of the most beautiful streets I had ever been on in my life; it seemed like a street of glass as reflected by the many brilliant lights along its path. After going what I thought to be a mile or more, the driver made a turn to the right and drove about five blocks south, when he suddenly made a stop, opened the door of his cab and let me out. I paid him and went upstairs to the office. The clerk, after finding that I belonged to the Temple Tour party, told me to go into the dining room, which I did. Here my party was seated at the dinner table and had just begun to eat. They all received me with great enthusiasm and I had much to explain how and why I had missed them and how I finally found my way back to them. I also found that our party had increased to the number of seventeen. Four ladies from North Carolina had joined us here, according to previous arrangements. Their names were as follows: Mrs. H. C. Houston, Maxham, N. C.; Rebecca Stack, Monroe, N. C.; Lillian Stack, Monroe, N. C.; Thelma Neal, Walnut Cove, N. C. Our hotel was located on the corner of Markgrafen und Mohran Strasse. We retired early as we anticipated a rather strenous day of it on the morrow.

Saturday, July 12th

This being Saturday, and tomorrow Sunday, of course, and as we had only three days to stay here, we had to make the most of our time at sight-seeing while in the city, so we started out early. Mr. Kitchin, having business to transact pertaining to our tour, requested us to go about without him, and so we started.

The streets of Berlin are so systematically laid out, and the public buildings are so regularly and thoughtfully grouped, that the traveler, on his first visit, has little difficulty in finding his way. Little time is lost if he simply follows the course of the fine, broad avenues, to only a few of which the principal public buildings are confined.

After leaving the hotel our way lay along the Leipziger Strasse to the Potsdam Thor. We continue from here to the New (Schwester Fountain) Sister Fountain on the corner of the Street of Victory (Sieges Allee). This is a beautiful fountain and it is said to represent the federation of the German Empire. The Sieges Allee is perhaps three-fourths of a mile in length and runs, I believe, almost due north, and ter-

minates at Monument Park (the Koenigs Platz). This short street is wide and is beautifully paved with asphalt and has thirty life-sized marble statutes, fifteen on each side, representing some of Germany's greatest men. These statues have a semi-circular platform with marble wainscoting and a sculptural figure on each side of it. We now come to the Koenig's Platz, where is erected, it is claimed, one of the finest monuments in Europe. I take this place to occupy about four hundred feet each way, in the center of which space is a stone platform reached by eight or ten steps; from this platform rises the base of the monument, which is twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high; from the base a colonnade of reddish-brown granite extends upward about thirty feet and from this rises the main shaft of greyish colored granite to a height of about eighty feet, with a diameter of four feet. The top is surmounted by a gilded angel forty feet high, extending a wreath. The entire height of the shaft and figure is one hundred and ninety-seven feet. The interstices of the colonnade are beautifully decorated in colors and gold. The surface of the base has magnificently chiseled reliefs of some of the great events of the past, also patriotic inscriptions. On one side is this, "Das Dankbare Vaterland Dem Siegreisches Heere," meaning, "A Thankful Fatherland to a Victorious People."

Just west of this monument is an immense bronze statue of Bismarck, on the east of the monument is another large statue, of Emperor William, the First, sitting on his charger, facing the Reischstag building with its fine bronze dome, which can be seen from nearly all parts of the city This building answers to our Capitol at Washington, or Parliament House of England, and is where the laws of Germany are enacted.

We now pay a visit to the interior of this celebrated place in company with other parties, numbering all together two or three hundred people. A guide takes us through and explains as he goes along everything of interest. This is all free except the usual tip, which sometimes amounts to considerable. We now go on a street that takes us to the famous Brandenburg Thor. It is one of nineteen gates through which the city was entered at a time when the walls were intact and offered resistance to arms then in use. It was always the principal one and is said to have been patterned after the Propylaea at Athens. It is two hundred and one feet broad and nearly sixty-five feet high. It is supported by twelve Doric columns, each 44 feet in height and surmounted by a

war chariot. It was recently enlarged by two lateral colonnades, each supported by 16 columns. The number of columns supporting this gateway form passes through which the public passes from one side to the other, but one, I believe the center one, is exclusively reserved for the Emperor and his family to pass through. As one passes through this Brandenburg Thor from the west, he finds himself on that world-famous avenue, Unter den Linden, of which so much is said and written. It is nearly a mile long and 160 feet wide, has a promenade in the center, a row of linden trees on each side, and a driveway running on the outer side of the rows of trees. This driveway is beautifully paved with asphalt and is kept constantly cleaned. On this street, and adjacent streets are undoubtedly located more prominent public buildings in the same area than in any other city in Europe, and many of them of great architectural merit. The War Office, the residence of the Minister, Imperial Chancery, the Royal School of Artillery, the Royal Academy, the University, the Royal Library, the Opera, the Arsenal, the Castle Bridge and many prominent business houses; the large transportation companies' offices, Cook's, the American Express, the Hamburg-American Ship Line office, and many more public and private houses of minor importance are here.

After crossing the Spree bridge at the east end of the avenue, Unter den Linden, just in front, and a little to the right, is the Royal Palace; on the left is the Lust Garten (Pleasure Park), and directly east of this park is the Schloss Kirche (Palace Church), where the Emperor and his family worship. Northeast of the park we find the old and the new Museums and a little farther northeast the Natinoal Art Gallery. A short distance from this line are the Exchange, the Rathhaus, the Mint, the Bank, and the Royal Theatre. With the exception of the Castle and a few other buildings, it is said that Berlin has more modern buildings than any other city in Europe. The old Royal Museum northeast of the Lust Garten, facing the Palace, is the most imposing building in Berlin. It was built in the reign of Frederick William the 3rd, from designs by Schinker. Its portico, supported by 18 colossal Ionic columns, is reached by a wide flight of steps. The museum covers 47,000 square feet of ground, and is 276 feet long by 170 feet wide, and 61 feet high. The walls of the portico are covered with fresco and represent in mythical and symbolical figures the world's progress from shapeless and chaotic to organic and developed life. The first floor is reached from the portico through bronze doors of artistic merit. To

describe the contents of the interior would require too much time and space here. In fact, a bare mention of some of the more important things is about all I will attempt. The National Art Gallery is an elegant building, situated between the New Museum and the Spree. The collection of paintings here is one of the finest in modern art. What Dresden is in the old masters, Berlin is in modern art. A few of the paintings are as follows: "The Crucifixion," by Piglhiem, presented to the Gallery by Alfred Krupp; "Flax Spinning," by Lieberman; "Der Falken Stoss," by Mentzel; "Salmoneshie Weisheit," by Knaus; "Die Jagd Nach dem Gluck," by Henneberg; (This last is after the style of Guido Reni's "Aurora"); "Ersta Tantz Stunde," by Ben. Vautier; "Der Salon Tyroler," by Defregger; "Der Wilde Jager," by Henneberg. Lieberman, Knaus, Henneberg, Ben. Vautier and Defregger are all painters of a high order, and have each a number of fine pieces of art in this Gallery.

As we leave the Gallery and go south towards our hotel, which is about five blocks farther on, our street takes us in front of the Palace, as we pass, and just facing this building, on the large Brucke, is Rauchs' Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, erected in 1703, probably the grandest monument in Europe. After viewing this thoroughly, we wend our way towards home, where we soon arrive well satisfied with our day's stroll over the principal parts of the great German capital.

POTSDAM

Sunday, July 13th

We planned to take a side trip to Potsdam today, and are accordingly getting ready, for the auto is to call for us at 8:30. Our party of 12 is to start from the hotel and our chauffeur is to take on nine more of a Cook party at the office on the avenue, Unter den Linden. The auto finally arrives, and we are on our way to Cook's. Before leaving here we have a picture taken of the party, and then pass on through the Brandenburg Thor. Turning to the left we take the Koenigratzen Strasse, which leads to the Potsdam Gate on the south. The distance to Potsdam is 16 miles and the route we are taking is said to be one of the most picturesque pieces of country in Germany. We pay $3.00 each for the day, which includes a guide and our dinners, and as we pass along the guide explains to us both in English and German every object of interest on our way. Country seats, castles, towers, sum-

mer residences, churches, parks, lakes, fountains, etc., are pointed out to us.

We arrive at Potsdam about 12 o'clock and we immediately order our dinner, as we want to make use of all the spare time after dinner in which to see all the interesting objects to be found here before returning. We eat our dinner in one of the parks, which is partially surrounded by buildings on the south and east, and is beautifully shaded by native trees. Nearly all places of this kind in Germany, and all other countries in Europe, as far as we have seen, are places of drinking as well as of eating. We find ourselves in a foreign beer-garden where the meal, especially the dinner, is seldom eaten without some fermented drink, mostly beer. In France and Italy a good deal of wine is consumed, but beer is everywhere, more or less, the prevailing drink.

Some 300 to 500 people take dinner here today and, no doubt, representatives from nearly every part of the world are to be found here. Potsdam is almost entirely surrounded by a fringe of Royal Palaces, parks, and pleasure grounds, which fairly substantiates its claim to the title of a "German Versailles." It is in the formal French style of the period and is profusely embellished with primly-cut hedges, alleys, terraces, fountains, statuary and artificial ruins. The park also includes "The Charlottenhof," a reproduction of a Pompeiian Villa. At the west end of the park stands the New Palace, a huge brick edifice 175 feet long, erected by Frederick the Great, and now occupied by the Emperor as a summer residence.

It contains many things with which to associate the great warrior, Frederick the Great, and his bosom companion, Voltaire. It is said that much of the latter's time was spent here. Some fine pictures by ancient masters, pottery, beautiful vases, exquisite furniture and draperies, the gifts of crowned heads all over Europe, are seen here. The big reception hall, about 125 feet long by 80 feet wide, is the most gorgeously decorated room I have ever seen. The ceiling is frescoed in panels, and the pillars and side walls are all inlaid or covered with shells, minerals, glass and almost a numberless variety of precious stones, etc., gathered from all parts of the world.

Just south of the Palace, facing a beautiful avenue, is one of the finest artesian fountains I have ever seen. The stream of water is thrown upwards of some 50 or 60 feet, then it falls

back into the basin below in a spray, and may be seen a half or three quarters of a mile away.

The afternoon is now pretty well spent, so that we will not have time to visit public buildings here, nor view any more of the interesting things that are to be found. We return by another route to Berlin. This way is quite interesting, but not as picturesque as the one we traveled this morning. We arrive about 6:30, pretty well tired out, for we have had two very busy days.

DRESDEN

Monday, July 14th

This morning we got our breakfast early and took the first train for Dresden, where we arrived at 10 o'clock. We went direct to our hotel, Iem, on der Sidonan Strasse, and arranged for a late lunch, 2 P. M., so that we would have about three and one-half hours in which to visit the Art Gallery. Our conductor and a few of the other members of the party had Baedeker guides in which they had many of the master-pieces marked, so that not much time would be lost in finding the most of the best the gallery contained. We spent some time in viewing the celebrated painting, "The Sistine Madonna," by Raphael, which occupied a whole room. Some 10 or 15 persons were in the room when we entered, and our party brought the number up to 25 or 30; but even with this number in the room hardly a sound was heard and hardly a word was spoken, such is the silent reverence in which this picture is held.

We now go to other corridors of the building and view the paintings there. The central hall seemed to be divided into two large rooms, east and west from the middle, and in them most of the great master-pieces are to be found. So striking are some of these that they make a lasting impression on one's mind, and especially so are the pictures of Rubens. His paintings are extravagant in conception, execution and coloring. There is a large number of them here and they are large in size, perhaps 7x9 or 9x12 feet. We also saw, among others, "Rembrandt and His Wife," painted by himself; "Venus," by Guido Reni; "Abraham's Offering" and "The Tribute Money," by Titian; "Christ in the Temple," by Hoffman; "Christ on the Cross," by Munkhausen, and many more master-pieces of more or less fame. As I expected to stop here again on my return, I am not particular about making a thorough canvass of the Gallery at this time.

We went to lunch at 2 o'clock, as previously arranged, and

when this was over our conductor informed us that he had a tallyho ready to take us to the elevated part of the city on the north side of the River Elbe. We crossed a bridge here said to have been built in 1731 and is 1420 feet long and has 16 arches. A beautiful view of the prominent part of the city is to be had here and in many respects it resembles the general characteristics that Florence presents from a somewhat similar eminence. This similarity of situation, and the fact that it is one of the great art centers of Europe, is probably the reason why Herder has applied to it the name of the "German Florence." The Alt Stat and Anton Stat are the designations given to this part of Dresden.

Our guide pointed out many objects of interest as we went along. The Blue Vault is one of the interesting places of the city. It is here where all the valuable belongings of the past rulers of the house of Saxony are preserved. Jewels, the most briliant and costly, are here to be seen and are of great variety and design. Besides jewels, many other articles of value and curiosity are here.

After spending about an hour at this place, we take our departure and wend our way on Prager Strasse towards our hotel. On this street, the most fashionable one of the city, we view the many beautiful things in the shop windows. These are quite different from American stores or from stores of most any other country, from the fact that they are smaller and more strictly classified. One window, for instance, has a most beautiful display of garnet goods of great variety and design, so that the window is one mass of glittering samples of that one magnificent stone; but that is about the only thing kept. Another window we saw had a magnificent display of amber beads, the finest in point of quantity and quality we had seen anywhere; but we found that that was the only goods sold here. The head clerk told us that this house was headquarters in Germany for "Bernstein," as she called them. The next store is a china store, where nothing but Dresden china is sold, and so on.

I went into a store to buy some letter paper one day. When I asked the clerk for the paper, she said, "We do not keep writing paper, this is a book store." Such a thing as our American department stores is seldom found in Europe. Another characteristic that I observed in Germany was that little jewing, or beating down in price, is tolerated. When the cost of an article is requested, it is courteously given, and can be bought at that price and no less. If the purchaser does not want it at the figure given, it is unceremoniously returned

to its place in the case or drawer. This is not so, however, in some of the other countries we were in. For instance, in Italy, the asking price and the selling price are often greatly at variance, and it is only discovered when the customer does not want to buy. After dinner some of our party wanted to do some shopping, but when they found that the business houses closed at 8 o'clock, they contented themselves with writing letters and spending the evening at the hotel.

NUREMBURG

Tuesday, July 15th

After breakfast we took the 8 o'clock train for Nuremburg and the route led us through one of the most fertile valleys of the country. The grain, grass, potatoes and peas, the products of the soil, flourish in the most luxuriant fashion. The traditional custom of the peasant women working in the fields is very apparent here on every side as we pass along; in fact, most of the harvesting and field labor is performed by women. Large, deep baskets, with straps to go over the shoulders are used in many places to carry and transport from place to place the products of the field, and many burdens of luggage are transported in this way. We occasionally see a dog, or a span of dogs, hitched to a cart to carry some of the goods. Sometimes a man or a woman helps the dog along. At one time I saw a woman alone with a strap over her shoulder which was fastened to the tongue of a loaded truck cart. This she was pulling as if she were an animal doing the same work. This morning I saw a woman with cart and broom serving as a street scavenger, and she seemed, from all appearances, to be perfectly contented in the discharge of her duties. I counted at one place, from our car window, where quite a large area of meadow was in plain view, 50 persons harvesting the hay, 44 of them being women. This is perhaps a little more than the average difference, however.

In contrasting the more intelligent and educated women of the cities in Germany with those of this country, there is perhaps about the same difference as there is in America. They are well dressed, but not over dressed. Their clothing is of good, substantial material, in rather subdued colors, neatly and trimly made up. Instead of great contrasts in colors of material, laces enter largely into the question of ornamentation. When one sees or meets a lady of this class one finds her in manners and general conduct about as her appearance would indicate, modest, polite and domestic; perhaps not as brilliant and vivacious as the French or Italian, but there is

an unmistakable quality of domestic, womanly character apparent in every move. This characteristic in the German women is very noticeable in the peasant folk, but it is greatly modified by unfavorable conditions and environment.

Our train stopped at Bayruth, the home of Wagner, and where he composed his best music. We also got a glimpse of the Opera House where his productions were first given to the public. We have just passed through a district where almost nothing but hops are grown. Left and right the hop patches stretch out as far as we can see. As we look out at these green hop fields every few miles we go, the characteristic little German village looms up in the distance from among the hops and the shrub-like trees. The red tile roofs and the village church spire, which is invariably white, give a picturesqueness to the scene, which is difficult to describe. In one place, in traveling only a few miles, I counted on a plane clearly visible eight of these little villages, some of them with perhaps a population of only a few hundred.

We arrive in Nuremburg at 4 P. M. and go at once to our hotel. As we had only a few hours left us for sight-seeing, we concluded to start out immediately and see what we could before dinner. The old wall and moat that surround the city are only a few blocks from our hotel, so that we had not far to go. The wall was built of solid sand-stone and was well-preserved. Every two or three hundred feet on this wall are square towers, with long, narrow openings in them, where the sentinels were stationed to keep watch over the city. Alt Stat, the old part of Nuremburg, is no doubt the best preserved city in Germany in its ancient fortifications and battlements. It also has many old and interesting public buildings and churches. Many of these are said to date from the eleventh century. "The Haupt Market," the principal market, is a square of perhaps five or six hundred feet each way, in the center of which is a magnificent bronze fountain, said to be one of the finest in Germany. On the northwest corner is another fountain of brass, beautiful in design and ornamentation and doubtless of great value.

Just at the head of this square, across a narrow street, is the "Frauen Kirche" (The Church of Our Lady). A number of our party waited here to hear the clock strike in the tower of this church. At twelve o'clock when it strikes, the twelve apostles make their appearance on a little platform which surrounds the belfry, and pass three times around, and each one, as he passes the altar in the center, turns and makes a bow.

We also made a short visit to the Saint Sebastian Church

and the Saint Lawrence Cathedral, the interiors of which are very fine. Some of our party bought some pears from an old German woman here, with whom I entered into conversation. She said that she had a daughter in the United States, in Brooklyn. She seemed to be very much pleased to find an American that she could talk to in German. She said her daughter was married and that she had done well. "Der gets gute." We next went to a cafe on Pfanenschmidt Street and got a lunch and from there went back to our hotel.

Last evening nearly all of our party went to hear a German opera, the first real German opera I ever had had an opportunity to attend. The Opera House was beautiful in its interior decorations and furnishings, and I think the music was good, as far as I could judge.

MUNICH

The train for Munich, our next destination, left at 2 P. M. and we were all there on time. On our way to this city we passed through what is called the "Garden Spot" of Germany. It was, however, much the same in general character, as presented during our run yesterday. If there was any difference, it was in the soil, which was perhaps a little more carefully cultivated, and the little red-roofed villages, which we saw throughout the landscape before us, seemed even more numerous than on the day before. After crossing the beautiful blue Danube we made a short stop in Augsburg, which is not many miles from Munich. We were soon in sight of the latter city and arrived in a short time. Our landlord was on hand to meet us and give us directions to his hotel, which was not far off.

Our quarters were very comfortable. The table service was good and everything was quite satisfactory. This house was called a pension. Most all of our quarters, throughout the different countries we visited, were of this class and were arranged for by the management of the Temple Tour Company. A pension is what we would probably call a second-class hotel, or a house between a first-class hotel and a boarding house. We found them, almost without exception, very satisfactory, comfortable, good table, clean beds, and, no doubt, for economic traveling, the most satisfactory, minus only a little superficial style, which sometimes is the only distinguishing feature in many of the so-called hotels.

After dinner some of our party talked of going out to the "Hofbrauhous," which is simply a brewery and beer-garden combined. It was claimed to be one of the largest places of

its kind in Germany and its main attraction, aside from the beer, was the fine music furnished by an excellent band kept for the purpose. I did not go myself, but a number of our party went and seemed to be well pleased with their visit to a place that has given prominence to Munich, almost as much as her Art Gallery.

Wednesday, July 17th

This morning we go early to the Royal Palace, as it is one of the important attractions of Munich. Its beautifully decorated walls, its elegant paintings and tapestry and its general furnishings are the accumulations of centuries. The architecture of all the public buildings is of the Gothic type, and the whole city has a special prevailing style that impresses itself very forcibly on one's mind. There is a uniformity and solidity about the public, as well as some of the business houses that gives it a character entirely its own. If there is monotony in uniformity, it does not attain a degree here where it becomes unpleasant to the eye.

We get our lunch at one of the cafes here, as we intend to go to the Art Gallery as soon as we get through. Munich is claimed to be one of the art centers of Germany, and probably is second only to Dresden. We did not have time enough to see all the paintings in the Gallery, nor did we have time enough to make a close study of them. One room contains a large number Rubens' paintings, which I liked very much; another contained principally those of Van Dyke. In viewing a large number of pictures as painted by each individual artist, which can be seen only in the great galleries of Europe, it is curious and interesting to note the individuality, the bent of mind and the spirituality peculiar to each. The conception, the execution and the coloring, are as much a part of the painter as any characteristic he may possess, and to a close observer can be traced throughout his entire work. I may refer to the characteristic differences of the painters of these pictures again.

ON THE WAY TO VENICE

Thursday, July 18th

We leave here, enroute for Venice, and the country we are passing through is called the Bavarian highlands. Here we get our first view of the Alps. It is a most wonderfully picturesque piece of country and it seems to increase in beauty and interest as we pass along. Snow-capped peaks are seen on the one side and a beautiful valley with the river Inn on

the left. The railroad, on which we travel, runs through this valley along the river. Real glaciers now come into plain view, and just ahead of us lies the beautiful little city of Innsbruck. In wonderful contrast are the snow-capped mountains on the east to the green patches of grass, the oat and wheat fields of the valley on the west. The streamlets that tumble madly down the mountain side have worn great gullies into the sides of the rock. Thousands upon thousands of years, no doubt, have witnessed the melting of these snows on the summits of these lofty mountains, and the descent of the cold, sparkling water down into the river below. The town takes its name from the river Inn and the bridges (brucke) that connect the main part with its suburbs. Innsbruck is the chief city of Austrian Tyrol, and has a population of about twenty thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of the courts and administrative offices of the district of Tyrol.

As we had only two hours' stay here, we hired a guide for two crowns (200 hellers), about 20 cents in American money, who took us to a hill-top just at the north edge of the city. This was quite an elevated position, and after we reached the top, we got a most beautiful view of the surrounding country. The view of the valley, through which we had approached the city, was magnificent. The hill-top, we are told, was the scene of a fierce battle, I believe in the year 1809.

On our return we stop and visit a very old cathedral, said to have been built in the 16th century. The guide next took us to the Maximilian Kirche, which is famous for its historical associations. We have now resumed our journey, but are still in the Austrian Alpine regions. The small country villages seem to be about as numerous through here as through Germany, but are situated along the mountain slopes or at the foot of a mountain. The village church steeple, generally painted white, pointing up and out from among the red tile roofs is about as conspicuous here as in the country through which we have just passed. There is, however, quite a difference in the architecture and style, even in the smaller towns. The buildings here look more modern, and are of plaster of a creamy white color.

We soon reach Tobloch, where we change from the train to automobiles. Our objective point is Cortina, a small Austrian village right in among the mountains. The road to it winds around the bottom of these mountains for a distance of 25 or 30 miles and in many places is barely wide enough for two automobiles to pass. This afternoon's ride was the most thrilling experience of mountain travel I ever had in my life,

or ever expect to have. I doubt if there is a like piece of road in the world. The road-bed was hard and as smooth as a floor and on each side giant mountains reached up almost to the clouds.

Here we are at Cortina, which is right in the heart of the Alps and is surrounded on all sides, except the roadway, which runs right through the center. All there is of the town is about three small hotels, a few small stores, or shops, a public beer-garden for the entertainment of the many travelers that come through, and a few dwelling houses. Some of us go down to the public garden to listen to the music a while before retiring. This morning I wrote some postals out on the porch of the hotel with perfect comfort, while right above me not five hundred feet away is a snow-capped mountain.

Friday, July 19th

We expected to take the train for Venice, but our conductor found that better time could be made and less expense incurred by going again by automobile, to Belluno, a small Italian town, and from there take the train for Venice, and at the same time give us an hour or more to get a lunch. At 9:30 we cross the border and pass into Italy, and we almost immediately observe a change in everything about us. The exterior of the dwellings are of plaster, and the roofs are principally of shingles. The houses seem to be a little larger in size and while everything looks quite comfortable, still there is not the precision manifest that one finds in Germany. The products of the soil also are different. A good deal of corn is grown here, which requires a higher altitude than in Austria or Germany, where it seldom matures. The grape is very extensively cultivated. The wheat fields of Italy resemble those of America more than any other crop. The mulberry tree is one of the pecularities of this country. These trees are grown for the foliage, which is the chief food of the silk-worm.

VENICE

The mountains have disappeared almost entirely, and a few hours more bring us to Venice, where we arrive about 8:30. We go to our hotel, Bellview De Russia, just across a narrow street from St. Mark's Cathedral. As we had been on the road all day we felt the need of a little brushing and scrubbing up before going to dinner. This is our first real meal in Italy and is somewhat different from the fare we have had. Bread is the staple here, as in all countries, but the rolls, in which shape the bread generally is served, are as hard as the

German "Zwiebach." Meats are fairly good, but vegetables predominate. Potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, string beans and spinach are on the table for lunch and dinner in some shape, especially the latter vegetable.

After the dinner, our landlady informed Mr. Kitchin that she had to transfer two of the men of our party to an annex a few doors north, as she was short of accommodations that much, so the lot fell to Mr. Bell and myself. We were shown our quarters, which proved to be on the fifth floor, under an old clock tower and facing the large public park of St. Marco. The rooms were fine and the beds clean and comfortable. The building, which we understand was erected some time in the 15th or 16th century, was highly ornamented in gold and colors, with a large clock-dial several stories above our heads. This clock-dial was a conspicuous object from all parts of the square and from the river front on the west. The belfry was surmounted by a large bronze figure of a man, who, when the hour ended, drew back his arm and with a big sledge hit the bell a tremendous blow for every stroke of the hour. This was especially noticeable to the occupants of the building, for a very perceptible tremor was felt throughout the whole house when the hour struck.

As it was already quite late when dinner was over, we were not able to see much of the city, but it being Saturday evening some of us ventured out on the square and entered some of the small stores, or shops, of which there are many on the public promenade, in fact, nearly all of the business houses on the side our hotel was on were of this character. In these shops we found fancy-work, jewelry, ladies' and gentlemen's furnishings, of every description, etc., while on the opposite side of the street were restaurants, eating houses and cafes, embracing everything these words imply. This is not strictly a square as it is often called, but is 600 or 800 feet long south to north and about 150 feet wide. A colonnade runs on the outside of the buildings on both sides and an alcove or recess is formed to the entrances of the stores and restaurants. In this recess small tables and chairs are placed, also some 15 or 20 feet out on the square. These tables and chairs are put in front of their respective places of business, and here people from all climes and parts of the world can be found eating and drinking. It is the most cosmopolitan place we have found in all our travels, for few people travel abroad without going to Venice. On the south end of the park is St. Mark's Cathedral, and a short distance in front is a fine bronze fountain, where doves are seen in great number, constantly

fluttering about, the pets of the ever-changing crowd, that watches, admires and feeds them. Few people come to Venice without getting a picture of this fountain and these busy little creatures. Some of us enter a few of the shops to see what they contain and to get prices on such goods as we might want to buy, for we had been told that Venice was a good place to obtain certain kinds of goods for which the Italians were especially noted. When we got to our hotel we found, upon comparison, that quite a number of our party had made purchases here. These shops, small as they are, contain great quantities of such articles as their respective owners deal in, necklaces and chains of every description, ranging from a few cents to hundreds of dollars. The Italians are experts in arranging and showing up their wares, and much of it is manufactured by themselves; for instance, I saw a few very pretty little pendants in the show window of a little store, and upon entering I had to ring a bell. The proprietor came out from behind a screen, and I asked him the price of some of the articles he had for sale. After he had told me the price, I asked him what assurance I would have of their being genuine, as he was a perfect stranger to me. He answered me very emphatically that he guaranteed everything he sold, because he manufactured them himself, and knew how they were made and what they were made of. I made a little purchase, and I think he was telling me the truth. The Italian varies a little from his asking price, while the German has only one price.

This park, called the Plaza St. Marco, was a remarkably busy place today, as a swarming crowd is surging back and forth, while from a band stand in the center fine music is rendered for the benefit of the masses congregated here. The Italians were celebrating some kind of an ecclesiastical occasion, which probably accounted for the throng present. As it was getting late, and we were all tired, most of us retired for the night. I woke up about 2 o'clock and still hearing people shuffling along the pavement below, got up and looked out of my window, and was astonished to see quite a crowd still in the park.

Sunday, July 20th

As today is Sunday, we go to St. Mark's Cathedral. Early service was in progress as we entered, but not understanding the language, we soon retired, and from there went to the Frarie Church, which was also a very old one. Many fine pieces of sculpture and some fine old paintings were here.

One of Titian's Madonnas, said to be one of his best efforts and one of his last, we found here, and also the artist's statue, at the age of 83 years, by Canova. It is said that Titian lived to be 90 years old. There are many other fine pieces of statuary here.

We now take our lunch in the Plaza, under cover of the alcove, where hundreds of people are sitting. The small tables and chairs, up and down for some distance in front of the cafes, are also fully occupied by people eating and drinking. Just what these people was drinking was not familiar to any of our party, for much, no doubt, was foreign, and may have been perfectly harmless, although beer, ale and wine, particularly wine, is liberally consumed in Italy. But here, as in all other places we have been, there was not a single person who showed any sign of being intoxicated.

In the afternoon we went out to the seashore to a place called "Ido," answering to our Coney Island. There was an immense crowd here, many were in bathing, but we were not here long when it began to rain and an excited squabble for the boats was made. Some of our party became separated from the others, but all got back to the hotel in good time, safe and sound, and not much the worse for the experience, as the rain was only of short duration. We were to take a gondola ride this evening, but gave it up on account of the rain, postponing it to the next day.

Monday, July 21st

We have breakfast at 8 and have orders to be ready to start out at 8:45 sharp. Our objective point is the Art Gallery, which opens at 9:30. I did not stay long, as I had some business to arrange and exchanges to make. Before leaving, however, I arranged to meet our party at 12 o'clock at the Doges Palace, which is located just west of St. Mark's Cathedral, and is one of the oldest buildings in this part of the city. Some very fine and rare old paintings are to be found in this palace, and many things of interest and value.

After leaving the Palace, a few of us wandered down along the lagoon past some of the old business places, custom houses and former trade centers, which seem to have lost much of their wonted activity, until we came to the Rialto Bridge. This bridge is at a point where the ground is higher and is built to span the lagoon without any obstruction in the way of supports or abutments in the center, which leaves a free passageway for boats. This is a fine piece of work and is often seen in pictures and views of the city. We crossed this

bridge and went down through the market on the opposite side, where almost every imaginable thing for the family or household could be found; not only eatables, but trinkets and every useful article. It reminded me of our 10-cent stores, the only difference being that the goods varied some in price and each clerk was the proprietor of his or her own ware.

We return for lunch, which we again take on the Plaza St. Marco from one of the cafes. After lunch the members of the party are left to wander about at their own discretion, for most of the ladies desire to do some shopping in Venice. At 5:30 we all assemble at the hotel and start for the lagoon to take our gondola ride. We had engaged two boats for the 13 persons who wanted to go, which cost us 50 centimes, or 10 cents each in American money, for one hour's ride. On our return, Professor Loving, his wife and myself, went into St. Mark's Cathedral again, where evening service was in progress. The music and singing were excellent, and the service was very impressive. We retire early this evening, as we expect to start for Florence early tomorrow morning.

FLORENCE

Tuesday, July 22nd

We have just finished our breakfast and at 9 A. M. start for the depot to take the train for Florence. We bid Venice farewell, a city distinctive we find, when we consider that there are no street cars, no horses, wagons or vehicles of any kind, no automobiles or bicycles, no birds, except the doves, streets running in every direction from the park and not over 12 or 15 feet wide. The business houses are usually small, more on the retail shop order, although some larger stores are to be found. Three days is too short a time to form anything like a concrete idea of a city as large as Venice, but no doubt all of us have carried away an impression that we shall never forget. In speaking for myself, I must frankly say that there is no city in Europe in which I visited that has engraved itself so deeply into my very being as has Venice.

Wednesday, July 23rd

We arrived here in the city of Florence late in the afternoon, too late to see much of the many things it has to offer. This morning, however, we take an early start, and to get the full benefit of the day we hire a guide to show us around. For a party as large as ours it costs only a trifle each for a guide, and the information and satisfaction will more than justify the outlay. Our guide claimed some knowledge of painting,

so we considered ourselves fortunate in getting this particular man. We first visited the Cathedral "St. Novilla Marie," built in 1295. Here we saw a panel painted by Michael Angelo when he was only 15 years old, and it is said that he also designed the floor of the building.

Just as we left here quite a rain came up, but we got into another church not far away, where we found some interesting things, particularly the interior decorations, which were very fine. When we came out the rain had ceased and the balance of the day was clear. In the flurry of the storm some of the ladies got separated from us and we did not see them again until evening. We next visit the Art Gallery for the purpose of seeing the paintings for which Florence is justly noted, being second only to Dresden, its rival in the art display of the Old Masters. The following are a few we take especial notice of: "Madonna of the Gold Fish," by Raphael; "Adoration of the Madonna," by Correggio; "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife;" "Flora," by Titian; "The Three Ages of Man," by Lorenzo Lotto; "St. John," by Titian; "Children of the Shell," by Murillo; "The Dances of the Muses," by Guido Romanio; "Madonna of the Tun," by Raphael; "John, the Baptist," by Del Sarto; "Annunciation of the Virgin," by Del Sarto; "The Consequences of War," by Rubens; "The Holy Family," by Del Sarto; "Magdalena With the Golden Hair," by Titian, and "Cleopatra and the Asp," by Guido Reni. Here is also the "Bust of Napoleon," by Canova. In one of the old chapels the tombs of some of the noted personages of Italy are to be found, such as Victoria Alfretta, the greatest of Italian poets; Rossini, the composer; Charlotte, the sister of Napoleon, and many other noted persons. Dante's monument is in the center of a square, and the house that was his residence was pointed out to us. It was in a thickly settled part of the city on a narrow street.

In the afternoon about 4 o'clock we take the street cars and cross the river Arno, which divides the main part of the city from the suburban part on the south, which lies considerably above the river. The Arno is spanned by six bridges, four of them old and of the finest masonry, while two are suspension bridges of more recent construction. After we get over on the heights beyond we get a splendid panoramic view of the city. We are reminded very much of the City of Dresden, which is simularly situated, and recalls the comparisons made by writers who have called Dresden "The Florence of Germany." Our car stops on or near a large square, the spot where it is said Michael Angelo was quartered in time of

war to defend his native city against the enemy of his time. A large statue of this illustrious man overlooks the city, which spreads out below in every direction from one extreme to another. This statue is called "Michael Angelo's Statue of Morning and Night." It is a most appropriate place for a grand monument for a most wonderful man, and ages hence Italians will still draw inspiration from this noble genius, and, in fact, the whole world is better and more exalted by reason of his having lived in it. We now return to our hotel for dinner. We have had quite a strenuous day of it and as we expect to reach Rome tomorrow evening we intend to get an early start tomorrow morning.

ROME

Thursday, July 24th

Our conductor informs us that we are not to start for Rome until 1:30 today, so we have still a half day at Florence. Most of the ladies of our party want to do some shopping here, so our delay affords them a splendid opportunity to satisfy their desire. The real object of traveling with a touring party is to get the benefit of a conductor, who should be a person of education, wide experience and of genial disposition. To get the most economical and satisfactory results out of a foreign trip has been the aim of these touring companies of recent years; for the desire to get the benefit of the advantages such an experience offers, has been growing year after year. I think, by far, the larger class of travelers abroad has been teachers, people of literary pursuits, or persons training in certain lines of special work. To waste as little time as possible in traveling from place to place, and to see the best there is to be seen in a given time, should be the aim of the conductor, and, I think, generally is so. This being true, it is apparent that much of individual inclination has to be sacrificed for the general interest of the party. To move on schedule time and to adhere closely to regulations laid down by the touring company long in advance, and before the party is made up, is necessarily insisted upon and pretty closely carried out; shopping, gadding about, geting belated, straying from the party, etc., are all incidental and at the risk of the individual. The party must move on, no matter what happens to the person. These Touring Companies have found that this method of traveling has made it possible for thousans of people of moderate means to take advantage of these

opportunities that in former years could be indulged in only by the wealthy.

We are now on the train and on our way to Rome. I think there is no city in the world, of which I had heard or read, that held in store for me such anticipation of wonder and curiosity as Rome. I could scarcely realize that in less than a month from the time I left Ohio, I should be in that wonderful city, some 8000 miles from home.

The scenery and products of the soil differ somewhat from the scenery and products we have already seen. The olive tree is quite abundant, so is the fig and the mulberry. The grape is perhaps the most natural and best suited product to the climate and soil. We see also a great deal of wheat. In the distance is pointed out to us the mountain pass where Hannibal defeated the Roman army. The towns along our route are not quite so numerous as in some parts of Italy, Austria or Germany, and are generally along the slopes of hills and mountains, or on top of them. A few we saw, that had very old walls about them, one in particular looking as if it were crumbling to the dust, and as if it might have been there for more than a thousand years; while still another was located right on top of a high hill surrounded by an old stone wall. One could easily imagine that in olden times, in the absence of gun-powder or other explosives, and where the bow and arrow and lance were the prevailing implements of war, such a position, with such surroundings, would offer great advantages for defense; for it appeared as if it might be quite a difficult task to even get up to the wall.

As we get closer to Rome, we can see some evidences of the antiquity of the city from the ruins of some of the old stone and brick walls that have fallen into decay, and yet, on our way to the hotel we observe some very fine modern buildings. We arrive and are quartered at the Pension Jaselle-Owen, 12 Piazza Barberini. We get our dinner at 7:30, and as it is quite late by the time dinner is over, we make no attempt at sight-seeing today. All of our party have been anxiously awaiting mail at this point and many get handfuls, while some of us had to be content with less. Reading these letters, and answering some of them, occupied the balance of the evening.

Friday, July 25th

We have hired carriages to take us to St. Peter's which undoubtedly stands at the head of all cathedral architecture in the world. We arrive at this place about 10 A. M. I think I am safe in saying that the cathedral has met the most san-

guine expectations of every member of our party. Neither pictures, hearsay, nor description can do justice to this majestic building. It must be seen to be appreciated. Its proportions are so well balanced that one scarcely realizes the immensity of its construction, and it is not until one enters its interior that a full sense of its extent and dimensions is felt. The exterior diameter of the dome is 195½ feet. From the pavement to the top of the cross is 448 feet. The length is 613½ feet and the full width is 195½ feet. The floor of the cathedral covers five acres, and its cost is estimated to have exceeded $50,000,000. Here the greatest sculptor and painter the world has ever produced, Michael Angelo, has lavished his most profound efforts. In the decorations, the skill of this wonderful genius, the adaptations of his colors and the boldness of his brush in execution, and at the same time the sublime conception of the physical forces of the human body, and the transcendant spirituality and consciousness as the climax of his powers, and as expressed in his subjects, have never been surpassed. One of his paintings here is "Christ's Descent From the Cross." Another is a picture of "Mary with the dead body of Christ in her lap" below the cross. This was said to have been painted by Angelo at the age of 25 years. His greatest and most lasting achievement in painting, however, is the ceiling decoration of the Sistine Chapel called "Creation," and one on the end wall, "The Last Judgment," nearly seventy feet high. Here he has poured out the full expression of his conception of the corporal powers of man and his responsibility to his Creator. As a sculptor he became equally famous for his "Moses" and his "Mater Dolorosa" in Rome, and his great cartoon in the ducal palace in Florence. They show his genius as a sculptor, as his paintings show his genius as an artist, and the wonderful designing of the cathedral shows his genius as an architect. If he had done nothing more than design and carry out the building of St. Peter's Cathedral, he probably would have been recognized as supreme in architecture. However, it is thought that the Church of St. Marie, designed by him, is more of a church masterpiece, architecturally speaking, than St. Peter's.

The approach to St. Peter's is an elliptical piazzi, which is enclosed by a colonnade of 284 columns of Italian marble, with caps, frieze, cornice, etc. In the center of this piazzi is the great obelisk, on either side is a fountain, and it is paved with stone. On the right some distance, as one walks towards the cathedral, is the Vatican, the Pope's residence.

Returning to the description of the interior of St. Peter's,

I must notice only a few more of its main features. The high altar is of most magnificent design and execution. Panelings, flutings and relief work, canopies and draperies, carving and inscriptions and the lavish use of bronze and gold are to be seen on every side. Everything seems to correspond and harmonize well with the dignity of this magnificent temple. On the right of the altar in an alcove is the life size statue of St. Peter, with his right hand on the cross which stands at his side. To study in detail, and give a correct description of the contents and decorations here to be seen would take as many days as we have hours to devote to the task.

Sunday, July 27th.

We have engaged a guide for this morning and are to start from our hotel at 8 o'clock. Our objective point is the Forum. All we see of this once-famous place are some twelve fluted columns. Three or four of these are standing at the west end of the Forum, while the other eight are a part of a colonnade on the south side. These columns have still some of their capitals and friezes intact, but are in a very weather-beaten and decaying condition. They are, however, a reminder of what this place must have been in the height of its activities. Just a little back and to the left of these columns, the spot where the Rostrum stood, was pointed out to us where Mark Antony delivered his famous eulogy of Julius Caesar. As a whole, this place is but a mass of crumbled marble. Much of it is piled up in heaps without any regard to classification, pieces of bases, columns, friezes, cornices and capitals, yet, on the one side, the bases which supported the colonnade still indicate what a wonderful place this must have been. On the opposite side of the left half of the Forum nothing but a huge pile of debris was to be seen, and we were told that only a few years ago a most valuable piece of statuary was uncovered. It is believed that there may still be covered up in what remains of the wall, some valuable discoveries. I tried to get a piece or two of the broken marble for a souvenir, but I could not find any small enough, so I tried to break off a piece. One of the guards motioned to me to stop and I did, but afterwards I managed to get a piece. It is difficult to get small pieces, as they are closely picked up. The guards are not particular about people taking souvenirs, but they are expected to restrict the stranger within certain limits, or the heaps even of old pieces of marble would not last long.

The next place we visited was the Catacombs. They were a little disappointing to me. They are subterranean burying

grounds, made by the early Christians to bury their dead, in contra-distinction to the prevailing custom of cremating the body, the Christians believing, of course, in the resurrection of the body from the tomb. These underground passages were reached by winding stone steps from a door in the Basilica of St. Agnes. This is probably about two miles from the city. Before we started to go down into this place, we were each supplied with a wax taper about 10 inches long and a little thicker than a lead pencil. As we descended and walked through the passages for some distance there was nothing to indicate that it was a burying ground, or that it ever had been. All there was to see was seemingly endless, interminable lines of excavations, with no particular system or method. As our light was limited and our surroundings, to say the least, not inviting, we turned about face and made our way towards the opening where we came in. It is, however, a fact that these passages, during the first few hundred years of the Christian era, were made and enlarged as necessity demanded, both for the burial of the dead and for refuge of the early Christians in times of persecution. It is thought by some writers, and they cite abundant evidence, that there had been considerable effort made at times to ornament and make these places respectable and even attractive, but that in the many vicissitudes since that, through which Rome has passed, vandals and robbers have reduced them to the deplorable condition in which we find them. Indeed, it has been said, that during the 14th and 15th centuries they were hardly known to exist, even by the Romans of that day. The excavations are said to be about two miles in length and about the same in width. As we were coming back from the Catacombs, we were shown under the Basilica (church) at the side of the entrance, the prison where St. Paul and St. Peter were confined preceding their trial and execution.

The third and last place before lunch that we visited was the Colosseum. This is probably one of the most frequently portrayed buildings in the world, and to my mind and experience, is the one in which the picture falls the farthest short of its actual greatness. It was originally called the "Amphiteatrum Flavium." It was the largest theatre and one of the most imposing buildings of its kind in the world. It is said that in one hundred days of gladitorial combats 5000 wild beasts were killed.

To get some adequate idea of the enormous capacity of this wonderful building we must bring to our minds the fact that it seated 87,000 people. Only about one-third of this gigantic

structure now remains, yet the ruins are still stupendously impressive. We were shown under the main part of the arena, the underground pits and passages, where the wild beasts were kept until they were permitted to come forth and pounce upon their prey, the Christian martyrs, who had been condemned to die and were here made a public example. It was pointed out to us that there were several openings to these dens where the wild beasts were kept, so that the prisoners could not tell from which direction they were coming. There were four galleries running clear around the building. In the first, about the center, was the Royal box; on each side of the Royal box were boxes for those of high official position; next came positions for the soldiers and sailors, and last, the fourth tier, was for the plebian or common people. Here I got another piece of marble as a souvenir.

The time contracted for with our guide had expired, so we paid him and let him go. The amount paid was two lires each, for half of Saturday and half of Sunday, about 40 cents each in American. Eight hours for a man in America would have been not less than 40 cents an hour, or $3.20 each. The amount paid our guide included all tips, which were considerable. He was a native Italian and spoke very good English. He told us that he had resided in New York for five years and then came back to his native country. We now go back to our hotel. As we are all tired we make no further attempt at sight-seeing. Most of us have letters to answer, and even if we hadn't any to answer, we would want to write one, for the writing of a letter from Rome to America is an act few, if any, of our party would ever have the opportunity to do again.

Our itinerary allowed us four days at Rome, so that our time is up tomorrow morning and we are to take the train at 9 o'clock for Pisa. Short as the time was to see Rome, we had our eyes open and saw as much as our limited time permitted. Not a minute was lost, but every opportunity was improved.

I have tried to make some sort of a list of the things I saw in Rome, but two much space would be required for all of them. However, I offer this list of the principal things:

Statue of Nero; Palatine Hill; Frieze of the Bull, Goat and Pig; Palace of St. John; Temple of Romulus; Basilica, where Michael Angelo studied the decorations for St. Peter's; Arch of Titus; St. Sebastian Arch; St. Sebastian Tomb; Basilica of St. Agnes; Constantine's Triumphal Arch; Prison where St. Paul and St. Peter were confined; The Appian Way; Church of St. Mary; Tomb of Victor Emmanuel; Tomb

of Raphael; The Pantheon, built A. D. 27; (it is claimed that this building is the best preserved of any in the city of its ancient origin; its walls are said to be 20 feet thick, the height and diameter of the dome each 140 feet, and the opening in the top of the dome is 30 feet in diameter); Paintings: "Holy Soul Ascending to Heaven," by Guido Reni; "St. Sebastian," by Guido Reni; "Rape of Europa," by Veronese; "Sabine War Against the Romans;" "Descent from the Cross," by Cappivelna; "Descent from the Cross," by Michael Angelo; "Transfiguration," by Raphael; "St. Paul, with the Book;" "Crucifixion of St. Peter," with head down, by Guido Reni; "Martyrdom of St. Erasmus;" "Arch-Angel," by Guido Reni; "Fire of Rome" and "School of Athens," both by Raphael. Statuary: "Moses," by Michael Angelo; "Head of Alexander the Great;" Bust of Julius Caesar; Bust of Tiberius Claudius; "Capitolian Venus;" "Minerva, Goddess of War;" "Arcanna," reclining figure; "Marcus Aurelius," a bronze statue of this ruler in the Capitolian Square; "Gladiator," a soldier who had to fight for his liberty; "Bambino Baby," a figure carved out of wood and lavishly decorated with gold, jewels and precious ornaments, to which many strange and superhuman powers are attributed.

PISA

Monday, July 28th

We are up early this morning, get our breakfast and arrange our traveling paraphernalia for a prompt start to the depot. We arrive in good time to get the train for Pisa. In a little while we come in sight of the Mediterranean Sea and a little farther on we go to within 50 feet of the water. There are now a good many small sail boats to be seen from our car windows. Between the sea and the mountains there is a most fertile valley and the most predominating crop is wheat. Great stacks of grain are seen all along the road, and from this aspect they look much like our own stacks at home. We also see a good many native cattle, but in appearance they are unlike any we have seen elsewhere. They are of medium size, of stocky build, with upright horns, their color a kind of creamy white, with a darkish streak clear along their backs. In fact, they reminded us of the sacred cattle sometimes exhibited in shows.

Some of the fields are in pasture or in meadow. The southern part of Italy is wonderfully productive. My impression of the Italian people as we see them here in their native country is much better than the impression I had formed of

them in America. The women have beautiful figures, but few of them have pretty faces, nor are they what we call in America, handsome women. Occasionally, one may be seen with a good form, well cut features and an expressive face, but not often. However, these women are most interesting when they talk, for they are very expressive and their faces, in talking, light up with a vivacity that is really pleasing, and while they are courteous and obliging, they are modest, and do not, in the slightest degree, over-step the bounds of propriety. The men, too, are courteous, obliging and accommodating, and are particularly considerate to strangers whom they meet on the street. Some claim that the Italian is a little tricky when it comes to business transactions, and it may be so.

We arrive at Pisa about 12 o'clock, get our dinner, and, as we have only a half day here we make up our minds to see as much of the city as our time will permit. Perhaps the most noted object in Pisa is the Leaning Tower. The wall at the bottom is 13 feet thick and at the top 7 feet, and it is constructed of marble. The basment is supported by arches and 15 columns, and above these rise 6 arcades with 30 columns each. The eighth story, which contains the bells, is of much smaller diameter than the rest of the tower, and has only 12 columns. The most striking thing about the tower is that it is 11 feet 2 inches out of its perdicular line. In other words, on a straight line from its base to the top it leans 11 feet 2 inches. The entire height is 183 feet. The campanile, or Bell Tower, is supposed not to have been intentionally constructed in this leaning position, but that the position was assumed while it was being built or shortly after. Its perpendicular variation is more apparent to the eye of the observer than pictures of it would indicate.

The Cathedral and the Basilica are both of quite recent date. The Forum is in the shape of a Latin cross, 311 feet by 252 feet, and is 109 feet high.

The Basilica is a most interesting building. The decorations are said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. It is of circular shape, 100 feet in diameter, and its cone-surmounted dome has twenty large columns and the upper dome sixty columns. The west front is beautiful. A peculiar feature of the interior is the acoustic properties of the building. To call our attention to this effect the guide repeated some words, the echo of which was so natural and distinct in the galleries above that anyone, not knowing from whence the sound came, would have thought the words had been spoken up there.

The city of Pisa has a population of about 66,000. Its origin

is obscure, about the first mention in history, I believe, was in 225 B. C. It is located in about the center of Italy, on the banks of the River Arno.

GENOA

Tuesday, July 29th

We get up at 4 o'clock this morning and get our breakfast at 5, in order to catch the early train for Genoa, where we arrive at 10 A. M. This is a ride of about 80 miles, along the Mediterranean Sea. The scenery today is very unlike that of yesterday. We have no valley on our right, but the mountains are close to the seashore, and our railroad seems to be hugging close to the foot of the mountains. In some places there are tunnels for miles through the overhanging rock. No sooner are we out of one tunnel than we enter another. It seems that nearly half of our travel today is underground. We pass many fishing villages, where along the slopes of the shore we see long lines of fishing nets spread out to dry. We also see many small sail and row boats. Bamboo seems to grow here in great profusion and is used for many purposes, we are told. At one point in our journey we got a view of the island of Elba, where Napoleon was taken before he was finally banished to the island of St. Helena.

We arrive at Genoa on schedule time, and after getting our baggage safely to our hotel, we brush up a little and start out to see what sights the city has to offer. Genoa is very irregularly built by reason of its location. In the older portion are many very narrow streets, but we find it more interesting from this very fact. The city has upwards of some eighty churches, many of which are very old and historically important from their architectural character and their artistic decorations. Some of the public buildings, as well as the churches, bear the touch of the masterful genius of the Italian artists.

The first place we visited, and one very interesting to me, was the Capacenta. This is a place for the disposition of the dead, and is one of the most peculiar and distinctive of any I have ever seen. It is an oblong space perhaps 600 feet long and about 300 feet wide. Around this space is a colonnade with a recess of about 12 or 15 feet running back to a wall. In this wall and back of it are the vaults, tier upon tier, five or six tiers high, clear around this space. In these apertures, or vaults, the coffins are put, the vaults are sealed and tablets with inscriptions are put where the openings had been. The colonnade, the recesses and the vaults in the background are made of marble, plaster and stucco and are roofed, but the

intervening space is an open court and is used as a burying ground similar to our own, but it is usually taken by the poorer class who cannot afford the expense of the sealed vault. The most interesting feature of this burying place to me was the pathetic portrayal of their memorials, which were usually of sculptured marble placed in front of the vault under cover of the recess. These sculptured figures represented some prominent characteristic of the life of the deceased, or one of the family of the deceased, as for instance, the affection of a man for his wife, the wife for the husband, the father for a daughter or son, etc. There were many unique designs used here to symbolize the characteristics of the relationships of the dead to the living, or the living to the dead. I will attempt to give one as an example, the one that was the most pathetic to me. There was a large, beautifully varnished door to the vault and three or four steps leading up to it. On these steps was the sculptured body of a prostrate young woman with her head resting against the closed door, the eyes closed, with a tear-drop on the cheek. This portrayed most vividly the suppressed and resigned grief of a human heart. From the tablet on the vault, it was manifest that the prostrate form was the image of a daughter mourning for her father. There were many more vaults similar to this, all of which portrayed in one way or another traits of the lives of the deceased, or the affections of some of the family for the deceased. One other prominent feature I observed here, namely, the decoration of the graves and the little lanterns and candles that were burning. Along the walls, close to the ends of the vaults, were little brackets for vases and little hooks to hang the small lanterns upon. At the east end of the court the recess led into a chapel where the funeral services were conducted. The building also contained living rooms for the keeper of the place.

From what we have seen of Genoa, we find that it has many old and interesting features about it, but as our time is restricted to only one-half day, we must be satisfied with what we have seen. To get any kind of an idea of the city, we should have three whole days.

MILAN

Wednesday, July 30th

We leave Genoa this morning at 8:30 and arrive at Milan a little after 12 o'clock. As we have a stay here of only three hours, we eat a lunch on the train so that we may avail ourselves of all the time we have to spare to see what we can of the city. We take the street cars and go directly to the

cathedral, Marie Nacenta. This is of Gothic architecture and one of the most important church buildings in Europe. It is 485 feet long, 252 feet in width and 355 feet high, and in point of adornment is perhaps the most ornate in all Italy. It is said to have 4500 statues in and about it. The exterior is the most elegantly and artistically finished cathedral in the country. A tip to the guide admits us to the interior, which is wonderfully grand. Those who desire to go up into the tower, or farther up into the belfry, can do so. Some 250 to 300 stone steps lead up into the top. Part of the elevation is over the south side of the roof, over steps made of plank, where the spire tower is reached, and from whence the belfry is ascended. From here we get a splendid view of the city, and many of the more important buildings and objects are pointed out to us. Some of the young ladies of our party write their names on the walls of the belfry.

We make our way down again and find that most of our time has been spent and that it is not long until train-time. Milan is a city of nearly 500,000 inhabitants, and to say that we have been there and have seen one of the most wonderful church buildings in the world is, after all, worth while. Aside from that we get some general impression of what is to be seen of the city.

We leave Milan at 3 o'clock, and after a three hours' ride by rail, we reach the small town of Baveno, on the west side of Lake Maggiora. About 6 o'clock we get our dinner and as soon as it is over, we hire four row boats for our party and take a two hours' boat ride on one of the most beautiful lakes in Italy. As twilight approaches, we see in the distance on every hand the glimmer of lights, on the south in the mountain tops and to the west along the way to the city, to which we are making our way. As this has been one of the hottest days we have experienced on the whole trip, this twilight ride in the cool of the evening has been one of the most delightful trips we have had. When we reach the shore we find that it is quite late and we hurry to the hotel. We have a hard trip before us tomorrow, so we retire early, as we expect to get a timely start in the morning.

SIMPLON PASS

Thursday, July 31st.

We go to the train this morning with our rain-coats on and and umbrellas up. The rain is pouring down, and though it is a little wet, it is quite a relief from the hot weather we have

had for the past three or four days. A few hours' ride brings us to a station in Switzerland, where we get horses and carriages to take us over the Simplon Pass. This is a gradual ascent to about eight to ten thousand feet and is in close proximity to immense glaciers, where the ice and snow never disappear.

About noon we reach "Simplon Dorf," or what might be called the half-way house; this is considered nearly the summit of the pass. Here we feed and water our horses and get our dinner. We are now in Switzerland proper, and the meal we get here is quite different from the fare we got in Italy.

We are again on our way, still ascending. The roads after the rain are fine and the mountain air is delightful. On the sides of the mountains we see large herds of cattle, sheep and goats grazing. The mountain rose grows in great profusion along these slopes and we all gather some of these roses as we proceed. As we drive along, a little girl comes running along our carriages offering little bunches of "Edelweiss." We come to a building, which is a kind of Catholic hospital, kept by monks, who have a large number of St. Bernard dogs. The dogs are kept for the purpose of finding, in winter, persons who are overtaken by storms and lost in the snow.

About 4 o'clock we reach the summit, or divide, from which place we make a gradual descent. We are all wrapped up in our blankets and coats and are quite comfortable, although we are up among the clouds. The fog is so dense that we can hardly distinguish the next carriage, either before or behind us, and they are not more than 20 feet from one another. Any one who has seen the Rocky Mountains can make comparisons to suit himself. The Alps are Alps, just the same. The great chains of them, one against the other, snow-capped and beautiful, are a scene such as I had never viewed before. All along these mountains we see little houses, in the most of which the lower story is used for the stable, and the next above, consisting of only a few rooms, is for the family. These houses are built of stone and rarely exceed four rooms, and the roofs are made of rough stone slabs split off large rock. There is seldom any chimney to be seen. These houses are, of course, the dwellings of the peasantry, or poorer class of the inhabitants of these regions, and they can be seen scattered way up in the mountain crags, almost as far up as one can see. How the inhabitants of these places get up and down is difficult to imagine for the casual observer. A great help, however, in getting up and down in the mountains is the Alpenstock, which is six or seven feet long, in one end of

which is a spike and at the other end a hook. This stick is used to keep the person from slipping and falling.

The habitations in the mountains are usually selected on a site that affords a little spot for cultivation. These spots are uusally small and are readily distinguished from afar off and they lend variety and interest to the scene. In the villages, which may be seen every few miles, better dwellings are observed. In all of these towns new hotels have been built, and some were under construction at the time of our visit, for the accommodation of the traveling public through these Alpine regions. Most of these hotels are quite up-to-date, clean, with fairly good meals, and the price reasonable. The illustrated post-card is in evidence in great profusion, wherever one goes, in the hotels and the little shops all along the road.

It is now getting quite late, when we finally get down on level ground and arrive at Brigue, the town in which we are to repose for the night, and which we have been seeing for some time, as we were descending the spiral-shaped road down along the mountain. We now get safely located in our hotel, "Grand Hotel, Couronna & Poste," at Brigue.

ON LAKE GENEVA

Friday, August 1st

This morning some of our party are going across country on foot to Lausanne, and so they take an early start, about 6 A. M. We who take the train from here start at 9 o'clock and stop at Territet-Glion, where we arrive at 12 o'clock. This town is located on Lake Geneva, and here we get a lunch. From this place we are to take the boat at 4:30.

The one particular place of especial interest here is the old historic castle of Chillon, part of which was built in the 10th or 11th centuries, but the principal part of which dates from the 13th to the 16th centuries. Most of the castle is cut out of the solid sandstone rock, overhanging the edge of the lake. Our guide on this trip was a very fine-looking middle-aged lady, who spoke fluently in three languages, German, French and English, and she could change from one language to another with apparently the greatest ease.

This is a very interesting little place, and we would like to spend some time here, but our departure is close at hand and we are soon waiting at the wharf for our boat.

On board I meet again a lady from Granville, Ohio, a teacher whom I had met before. She was traveling with another Cook touring party which had been going over about the same

ground that we had been traversing. Lake Geneva and the scenery all along our course is exquisite. One of the most peculiar scenes presents itself to our view at this time. It is in the shape of a mountain on our right, which is very high, but so gradual and extensive that it admits of a very unique way of making it useful for cultivation. It is laid off in lots about 100 feet wide by 400 to 600 feet long, and is terraced from bottom to top by stone walls, which makes the surface of these plots about level. We had seen this method of utilizing the ground on hillsides in different parts of Europe, but in no place with such regularity and system as it was done here. On these plots of ground is grown all of the different products that are cultivated in this part of the country. The principal product, however, I think is the grape. All the garden vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage, beans, beets, lettuce, spinach, and some grain, such as wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye are grown, also a few grass patches may be seen occasionally. On the opposite side of the lake, towering up above the water, are Alpine Mountains in their majestic beauty.

We are due at Lausanne at about 6 o'clock, which place we are now nearing. Here our hotel is the Pension Nationale, which proves to be very comfortable. After dinner some of us take the street cars and go up to the center of the city, where the people are gathering to participate in the celberation of their national holiday, in character much the same as our Fourth of July. We had arrived here just in time to get the full benefit of it. The celebration started with the booming of cannon, then music, fire-works, parades, speeches, etc. We got back to our hotel about 10:30, pretty well tired out, for we had been doing a good deal of walking.

INTERLAKEN

Saturday, August 2nd

This morning we say farewell to Lausanne and are soon aboard our train and bound for Interlaken. The scene has changed somewhat, the mountains now show in the distance, and we are over-looking a panorama of rolling country, green and rich; interspersed with many little villages and individual houses of white, with red tile roofs, quite a contrast again to the mountain regions. Here it seems that people live; in the mountains they simply exist. This part of Switzerland would put me much in mind of Ohio, were it not for the little groups of houses every few miles with their red tiled roofs.

We are now nearing Berne, where we change our baggage

and make a stay for a few hours, then we take the train again for a half hour or so to connect with the boat at Schleisengen for Interlaken. While at Berne we go through the market, which is held in one of the squares and a few of the side streets. Everybody is active here and sales are on in full swing. Not far from the market is the noted clock tower of Berne, which all travelers are desirous of seeing. We were there a little before 12 o'clock, so we had to wait a while. The crowd in the street below was constantly swelling in numbers. Just at the hour of 12, when the clock began to strike, a little door opened below the dial and a number of bears made their appearance, passed half way around on a platform and disappeared through another door.

Before taking the train again we get a lunch. As we leave Berne there is such a crowd at the depot that there is a perfect scramble for the cars as the train pulls in; but we hold our own with the rest, and our suit-cases are thrown in without any regard to order. The only thing we cared for was to get them inside and to get in ourselves. We finally got ourselves and everything we possessed on board, and the train moved on. This time of the year, when tourists are returning home, travel is very heavy and the trains and boats are filled to their utmost capacity. We missed the boat we expected to connect with, so that we will have to wait until 6 P. M., and it will probably be 7 or after before we reach Interlaken. However, we finally reach this city and find our hotel, "Hotel Simplon," one of the best we have had since we left Germany. As it is quite late we cannot do any sight-seeing today, so we retire early, for Mr. Kitchin and a few others have a mountain trip planned for tomorrow and expect to get an early start.

Sunday, August 3rd.

I am not in any hurry this morning, for I do not intend to do anything very strenuous today. After getting my breakfast, I find that there is to be service at the English (Episcopal) Church this morning, so I get ready to go. It is about the first opportunity I have had to attend an Episcopal service since I left home, for most of the churches were closed for the summer. In the afternoon I repacked my suit-case and wrote some letters. Our conductor, Mr. Kitchin, called us all into the parlor after dinner to make arrangements for our next day's mountain trip. This is to cap the climax of all our mountain excursions.

Monday, August 4th

We get an early breakfast, have a lunch put up, and start

for the depot to take the Lauterbrun railway train, which makes a gradual ascent until we reach Lauterbrun. From here we have some distance to go by foot before we get to the Grindewald railroad, which we are to take. On our way to the railroad we sit down on a hillside and eat our lunch. The grass on these hillsides, while it is not high, is wonderfully fresh and green and affords fine pasturage for stock. Here we see quite a large herd of cattle, mostly milch cows. They are of a creamy white color, good size, docile as lambs and in most excellent condition, fat and smooth as moles. Each of these cows has a bell, and the bells nearly all differ in tone, so that to hear thirty or forty of them dissimilar in sound, out in the open fields, is quite a pleasing experience to a stranger. The reason bells are put on these cattle is that they may be located in their wanderings. Here, too, children are in the path of the traveler, offering little bunches of Edelweiss, which they have gathered in the mountains. The mountain rose also is making its appearance again on these rocky elevations. It is remarkable what a brilliant contrast this beautiful wild flower makes with the rich green foliage of its bush. The luxuriance and profusion of its growth is simply wonderful. Flowers and foliage throughout Europe seem to have a fresher and more brilliant appearance than in our country, and the reason of it is, that the temperature over there is more even and they have not the hot, scorching sun in the middle of the day. The geranium is perhaps the most widely cultivated flower found in the countries that we have been in. We find it in porch and balcony decoration, on the lawns and gardens and nearly every place where we would expect to see flowers. In Italy, however, the oleander predominates. Much is made of flowers in Europe everywhere. In most of the larger cities, markets are established, where nothing else is sold.

We now take the Grinewald railway to Scheidig and from here we have quite an ascent to make afoot, before we finally reach the apex of our climb. Here we are at the bottom of eight or ten of the giant glaciers of the Alps, the Eiger, the Matterhorn, Schrech, Moch, Jungfrau, Tachengold, and more that we have not the names of. Some of the visitors are sleighing, some are climbing up the mountain sides in the snow and others are entering the snow caves, that have been made for the benefit of the traveler to show the extent and depth of the snow. We are realizing here today, as we did in the Austrian Alps, in Venice and in Rome, some of the fond dreams of our lives, in being able to see these things.

These glaciers are simply masses of snow and ice and they extend thousands of feet above us. The snow is never off these mountains, but occasionally they lose some of their burden by a glacier slide, and by what melts in the summer. The melting of this snow and ice adds greatly to the characteristic beauty of Switzerland. The water coming from these mountain glaciers is cold and clear as crystal. As it gains momentum on its onward course, it rushes madly from rock to rock, through zig-zag cuts and winding turns, until it empties into the rivers below and finally finds its way into one of the lakes, so numerous in this part of the country. In the lakes the water has a deep green, or bluish-green appearance, which we were told was from the reflection of the pine forests in the water. We now return by another route to Lauterbraun and we pass the Staubach Falls on our way. The water of the falls descends from the top of a very high, almost perpendicular cliff, and as it strikes the rock nearly at the bottom from this high altitude, it falls in a spray or mist into the stream below. The Lauterbrun Valley is reputed to be one of the most picturesque in Switzerland and is equaled only, some say, by the Yosemite Valley of our own country. It is some eight to ten miles long and quite narrow and lies right in between high mountains, so that the people living here have only about two hours of sunshine during the day in winter. However, the grass is so green, the surroundings so calm and beautiful, and the little dwellings so comfortable, that one cannot help believing nature has done its full share to make the inhabitants here content and happy. The lovers of nature, the geologist, the botanist, the poet, the musician and the scientist all may drink of this fountain of nature and be refreshed.

LUCERNE

Tuesday, August 5th

We leave Interlaken this morning at 8:47 for Lucerne by way of Brienz, and take a boat on Lake Brienz to Alpnachstadt. The boat ride is only about an hour long when we have again to transfer to train. This takes us over Brunig Pass, which for panoramic effect is even finer than the Lauterbrun Valley. The little white houses are scattered all along in the valley below us, standing out against the beautiful green, and roofed with their characteristic red tile. As this scene stretches on before us for miles like a clean-shaven lawn, with the mountains as a background, it forms a picture beautiful to behold, and ever to be remembered. We now transfer to the boat again on Lake Lucerne, which is to convey

us to the City of Lucerne, where we are to stay for the day. The scenery along this lake is all we could desire. We take on passengers at several of the stopping places along the road. During the latter part of July and the first of August the crowds on boat and railroad have been enormous and the capacity of steamers and cars has been taxed to the utmost.

Lucerne, we are informed, is one of the best places for shopping in Switzerland. It certainly must be fine if it is ahead of Interlaken, for there everything can be found that could consistently be kept for the general traveling public, and at quite reasonable prices, too. We are now headed straight for the city, and are leaving the high mountains behind us. This has been one of the most delightful lake rides we have had yet.

We arrived at Lucerne about 1 o'clock, and as Mr. Kitchin had some work to do, he gave us instructions about what to see and how to see it. Only a few things were designated as being of more than ordinary importance. The Lion Monument (Thorwaldsen Lion) was one. The figure is a huge lion, cut out of the solid rock, the top of which overhangs the image below and protects it from the weather. This monument is found at the upper edge of the city, and it commemorates the men of the Swiss Guard, who fell in defense of the Tulleries in Paris on the 10th of August, 1792. It is claimed that the execution of this monument is somewhat rude, but the effect is certainly very touching and impressive. The approach to the city from the lake is conspicuously beautiful. After we had made an inspection of the monument, we spent the balance of the day walking about the city, viewing the shop windows and admiring the many beautiful things for sale here. I presume that there are few things of the thousands of articles offered that are not bought by some of the throng of tourists, coming and going through these places during the summer months. The Americans are "spotted" upon their arrival, as a people of means, and nothing is too good or costly to offer them if they can only be convinced or persuaded that they need the article, or want it. The Swiss idea is always to make one think he is making a great sacrifice and offering a good bargain. He will say, "Oh, you have plenty of money to buy, if you want, or if you like it. What I have particularly observed in the shopping is that more money is spent and frittered away in buying post-cards, picture books and trinkets of various kinds, than has been invested in the really valuable and substantial things that are for sale. Many things that are bought the purchaser does not know what to do with after

he has bought them. We get back to our hotel about 6, ready for dinner. I spent some time writing letters before retiring for the night.

FLUELEN

Wednesday, August 6th

We leave Lucerne at 8:45 by steamer for Fluelen, but stop off at Tell's Platte. After walking a short distance we come to Tell's Chapel. It fronts on the lake and is open, but is protected by an iron grating, covering the whole front. On the wall before us, that is the back wall of the chapel, we see two pictures, which entirely cover it, and one picture on each side. These decorations must be in very durable colors, for they are undoubtedly quite old, but are well preserved. These four paintings represent the heroic acts of Tell's life, and are the memorials of this free, plain and industrious people of Switzerland. On a certain day of the year the inhabitants of the country round and about this chapel bring flowers and present thank-offerings here.

From here we walk over the Axenstrasse to Fluelen, a distance of about two miles, and as we had a little rain last night, the travel over the mountain road was perfectly delightful. When we left the chapel we had quite an elevation to reach. Some 100 or 150 steps led up along the hillside, and after that we had a still higher point to attain before we got on the Axenstrasse proper. This street leads over the mountain; in some places it is cut through solid overhanging rock, and in one place the river may be seen several hundred feet below us.

At Fluelen we get a lunch, and at 12:46 P. M. we leave for Zurich, where we arrive at 2:41. We have about three hours here. This is a city of about 200,000 inhabitants, and the great crowd at the depot indicates at once to the traveler the importance of the place. After leaving the train we take a street car and go to an elevation on the north of the city, where we get a fine view of the surroundings.

At 3:45 we again take the train for Schaffhausen, where we stop at the National Hotel, a very nice, clean house. We had quite a rain this evening, but we got ourselves and baggage under cover without much damage to either. After dinner we rummaged about quite a little before we found a good place to buy a lunch for the next day, but we finally found an old lady who had some Apfel Kuchen for sale and we all laid in a supply. We were all very much disappointed here by the fact that we were missing the illumination of the Rhein Falls.

Four days in the week these falls are illuminated by electric lights, but today happened to be one of the off days. There was very little of interest here except the Falls.

SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY

Thursday, August 7th

We leave Schaffhausen at 7:05 and after about an hour's ride, we change to another train. Here, as we cross the borders of Switzerland into Germany, we have to have our baggage inspected. This is, or was with us, a mere form. Some of us did not even open our suit-cases. As we proceed along our way, a high state of cultivation is in evidence, as it appeared when we passed through Germany before. Simplicity, industry and thrift one fairly breathes in the air.

Our next stop is at Carlsrue, and here we make another change for Heidelberg. I have heard much of Carlsrue from the time I was a child, and to think that I have even passed through the city is a fact I can hardly realize. We again pass by great hop fields. Wheat, oats, potatoes and the smaller garden products are the principal things grown.

HEIDELBERG

We are now nearing Heidelberg and we arrive at 1:30. As we have had our lunch on the train, we simply go to hour hotel to leave our baggage and get cleaned up a little, for we want to start out and see what we can of the city in the short time we have to stay.

The Old Schloss, on the prominence of the north edge of the city, is one of the things every visitor to Heidelberg wants to see. It is one of the prominent objects of Germany that every German coming from his native land knows of and talks about. An admission of 35 cents is charged, which includes a guide for the party. The guide here is a lady, who speaks German, English and French. She was very explicit and obliging and was willing to give us all the information we asked for. We passed through the different departments of this old castle. There were two towers, one on the northwest corner, which is still intact, and one on the northeast corner, the half of which was blasted away by the French in a siege; the fragments can still be seen in the moat below. The bell-tower and the kitchen, it is said, were struck by lightning and partially destroyed and they were never restored. One of the rooms contained some twenty or thirty pieces of statuary, which were carefully preserved.

The most interesting thing to me, however, was the famous

Wine Tun, of which I had heard ever since my childhood, "Das Grosse Wine Fass." This was a very large cask, large enough for a couple to waltz on its head. Its actual capacity was better appreciated when we were told that it would hold 49,000 gallons. This cask lay on its side and a platform was built over it, so that it was just covered, and a staircase was built from bottom to top of it. The platform is about 15 by 25 feet, and it would accommodate something like forty people at a time. The wine, we were told, was pumped in and out from a room above. It was filled only three times, and never after the year 1765. We buy a few post-cards here of some of the prominent scenes of the city.

On our way from the castle to the city we pass a beer-garden, where many are seated drinking beer and wine, eating their lunch and listening to the music of a fine band. We stopped awhile and then went on to the historic bridge that crosses the Necker. It is said that on this bridge the contending forces of the German and French cavalry met, and while fighting the bridge was drawn up, and all were precipitated into the river below. A painting of this scene can be viewed in the old castle that we have just left. The Necker here separates the main part of Heidelberg from a portion of the west.

We next took a walk through the city in the direction of the University. It was right in among the business houses of the city, and we came to it before we were aware of the fact. We were all a little disappointed in the buildings and more particularly in the surroundings. The University buildings, like all the school buildings we saw in Europe, were very plain, unattractive and devoid of all the modern comforts and conveniences insisted upon in America; but as the schools here were closed at this time of the year, we had no opportunity of seeing anything but the outside walls, and the interior may have been a great improvement over the exterior. There is no doubt, however, of the fact, which is borne out by the reputation this University has, that the work done here is up to a standard of perfection that is seldom equaled by any other school in Germany.

Just around the corner from here is a new library building with 6000 volumes of books and a reading room 100 by 200 feet in dimensions. As it is getting late we soon bid the Librarian good-bye and retrace our steps towards our hotel. We get our dinner, write a few letters and retire for the night, for we have orders to be ready by 6:10 for breakfast, as we are to take the train at 7 for Mainze.

Friday, August 8th

This morning we bid our hotel, the "Hotel Schrieder," and Heidelberg a hasty farewell, and take the train at the appointed time for Mainz. On our way we pass the city of Worms, and from the distance we observe the beautiful six-spired cathedral, where Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms in 1521 protested against the claims of the Roman Catholic priests assembled there, and defied the right of their position, which protest culminated later in the Reformation. I regretted very much that we could not make a stop here, for I should have liked to see something more of the city.

A TRIP ON THE RHINE

We arrive at Mainz and take the boat for a Rhine trip to Bonn. Before going aboard, however, we each buy an illustrated guide book of the river and its shores. There were so many stopping places and so many little hamlets, towers, castles and fortresses on both sides of the river, that it was quite difficult to identify them all, even with the aid of an illustrated booklet. To attempt a detailed description of this Rhine trip and the many objects of interest on either side of its banks, would take me beyond the confines of these pages, so I will simply touch upon a few points that interested me most. I will say first, that from what I had heard and read about the river, I had gotten quite a different impression from what it actually presented to me when I saw it. But so it was with all things that I saw and experienced in Europe. My impression of this part of the country was that things were in such close proximity to each other. The small patches of ground, one against the other, the little villages only a few miles apart, and even the larger cities, seemed to be closer together than in most other parts of the country. The American mind soon loses the idea of vastness and is vaguely constrained to imagine that by some magic design everything has been shoved up together.

Mainz, or Mayence, the city we start from, has a population of over 100,000 inhabitants. Its fine cathedral and many other buildings are of Gothic architecture. The Kaiser Bridge, the Market Brunnen, and the Gutenberg Monument by Thornwaldsen, are a few of the attractions of the city.

As we proceed the boat stops at many of the larger places along its course to let off and take on passengers, for the traffic of these river steamers both ways is remarkable at this time of the year. The fashionable and famous watering place

of Germany, Weisbaden, is three miles from the river. Its population is 100,000 and the number of visitors to this place alone is said to be 60,000 a year. Soon we pass Bingen, with a population of 10,000, and many other towns of about the same size. Royal estates, country seats, fortresses, castles, towers and monuments dot the banks of this river. Many of the old towers and castles are very old, some of them dating back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and a few of them being merely ruins.

The dinner hour was promtply observed at 12:00 o'clock, but the boat was so crowded, and the waiters so few, that some of us were not served until about 2:00 o'clock. Perhaps one of the most interesting places on our route was the city of Coblence. We pass under a fine high bridge just before coming to the city. Coblence has a population of about 60,000 inhabitants and is situated at the mouth of the Moselle, which empties into the Rhine. On the corner formed by the joining of the two rivers, called "The Deutche Eck" is the grand modern monument of Emperor William I, erected by the Province of the Rhine. This commemorates, I believe the war with France in 1870. It is one of the grandest and most imposing, and at the same time, one of the most conspicuous in Germany; for it is so situated that it can be seen for miles up and down the river, and what adds to the effect is the fact that it has the city of Coblence as a background. Our steamer makes a stop here and quite a number of passengers get off, while some come aboard. Quite a number of the business houses, such as hotels, restaurants, dining-halls, etc., face the river and most of them display conspicuous signs of their respective class of business, to attract and catch the eye of the constantly changing crowd that passes. Some of these signs were in French and some in German, such as, "Hotel Zur Trobe" and "Deutches Gast Haus," and one of them was in English, viz: "An American Bar." A fine orchestra was playing on one of the hotel balconies while our boat was stopping there, and all enjoyed the music very much.

I heard one of the passengers on our boat comparing the Rhine with the Hudson River. I did not, however, get the drift of his conclusions. I think it is stepping on uncertain ground to make such a comparison, unless one is careful and takes in consideration everything that goes to make up the difference, and especially the natural and artificial features of each. I would hardly know how to go about making such a comparison, for the one, the Hudson, is still principally natural, while the other, the Rhine, is and has been character-

istically artificial for more than a thousand years. From the one river, one breathes in the freedom of expanse, the liberty of one's own individuality, the promise and the hope and the anticipation of what lies before or beyond. From the other, one looks back with curiosity and implied regret over the vain attempt of man to glorify himself in the ever-changing tide of human affairs. About the one there is an atmosphere of inspiration, about the other an atmosphere of vain aspiration. Of course, these were my own impressions; others may have been impressed quite differently. I am persuaded to believe that during the trip abroad, the passing through the countries we visited does not benefit one so much by the number of castles or cathedrals one sees, as by the knowledge gained of the habits of the people and the effect these habits have on the general character, also the cultivation and the production of the soil on which these people live. I have seen a great many things and have observed conditions that explained to me things I had never understood before. The florid, healthy complexion of the native German, who comes to our country, is due more, I think to the climate and atmospheric conditions than to any other cause. One thing I particularly noticed, that is, that the women, no matter where they are seen, on the street, at home, or in public places, are always neatly and modestly dressed, not flashily or showily, but becomingly. In looking about in any large crowd here, one seldom sees a pretty face, and scarcely ever a handsome or beautiful one. The Swiss too, are a healthy, strong and vigorous appearing people, but rather slow of movement, and among the women, that I chanced to see, not one seemed to posses a handsome face.

We arrived at Bonn at 6 P. M. and stopped at the Hotel Rhineck, where we are to stay until morning. Then we are to take the train for Cologne, (Kohln). After getting dinner we have a few hours to walk about in before night overtakes us, so we go in the direction of the University, which has quite a spacious and beautifully kept campus. The buildings are plain but very substantial and they give the impression of good order and thoroughness. The street we are on is called "Perperdorfer's Allie," what we would call an avenue. It was a beautiful street with two rows of immense tree, and a fine walk in the center. We soon retrace our steps to our hotel, write a few letters, and contemplate our departure for Cologne on the morrow.

COLOGNE.

Saturday, August 9th.

We started for the train at 8:10 and after a few hour's ride through quite an interesting part of the country, we arrive at Cologne a little before 12 o'clock. We have only about three hours here, so see what we can during our short stay. If we could see nothing here but the Cologne Cathedral, it would be time well spent to stop off. We viewed this cathedral from all sides and angles, and the more we looked the more we could see to admire in it. The exterior is so massive and imposing that at first sight one is overwhelmingly impressed with its grandeur, and the beauty of the interior is awe-inspiring.

It is now raining a little, so we get a lunch nearby and then go to the depot to take the train for Amsterdam, Holland. The country through Holland seems as fertile and the crops as fine and heavy as in Germany. It is perfectly astonishing the amount of grain that a little patch of ground yields here. Wheat, oats, rye and barley are the principal products grown. In the vegetable line, potatoes are extensively cultivated. Quite a good many cattle are also seen in Holland, so that more little pasture plots or meadows are met with, than in Germany or Italy.

We are now nearing Amsterdam and can see from our car windows the children in the streets wearing the characteristic wooden shoes. We are obliged to make another change with our baggage, so it is quite late before we reach our hotel, "The Hotel Du Commerce." It is 8:30 when we sit down to dinner, and as we had a long ride during the day and a meager lunch at noon, we do full justice to the evening meal. Mr. Kitchen has planned a trip for us tomorrow by boat, so we intend to get a good rest tonight.

Sunday, August 10th.

We have breakfast this morning at 8 o'clock, and it is one of the best meals that we had since we left the boat at Hamburg. We start at 9:15 for the boat that is to take us to the Island of Marken, and in a few moments are on our way. This is a very nice trip and it is taken by most travelers coming this way. Our itinerary gives it as an excursion on the Dutch canals and the Zuyder Zee to Volendam, Edam and the Island of Marken. It is a beautifully bright day, and the country being low and flat everything has such a quiet, calm appearance that it is a delightful experience in contrast with the din and traffic of the past few days.

We arrive in due time at Volendam, which, from all appear-

ances, is a little fishing village. Here is quite a large number of small sail boats anchored. The fact that it was Sunday probably accounted for so many boats being in. We all walked through the village and our guide took us into the villagers' little simple houses, which consist generally of but one room and a garret, which is reached by a ladder or a series of narrow board steps. The bedrooms usually are bunks or compartments of tiers, one above the other, in the wall of the room, with small doors to each. The lower compartment is for the children, where one, two, three and sometimes four sleep. The second one is for the parents and the third, or top one, is for the occasional visitor. The kitchen is a place not unlike our old log-cabin kitchen, with a large fire-place where the cooking is done. This room, which is the only one except the garret, answers for the dining room, the living room and the parlor. Some of the fishermen who have large families, or grown children, have one or two beds in the garret. What is a remarkable fact is that everything about these houses is scrupulously clean. Our guide told us, during our inspection tour, that he would show us the bathroom; whereupon he reached under a shelf and brought forth a small tin wash-basin.

The garret is the place where the fisherman keeps his nets and fishing outfit. We are told that the fishing season usually is short, six or seven months of the year being the limit. During the other season of the year provision has positively to be made for the subsistence of the family until the fishing season again commences, which is about the first of April. There is absolutely nothing for these people to do during the winter, except on rare ocasions, when the ice on the canals is in good condition and skating parties are made up to visit the islands, At such times some money is spent on the islands for eatables and refreshments, and for trinkets, souvenirs and fancy work made by the women. Edam is another island that is strictly a fishing village but the costumes worn here are quite different from those worn by the Volendam folk. In other features it is much the same. Of the three islands we visit the "Island of Marken" is the most distinctive and interesting. The habits and the costumes of the people living here are different from either of the other two islands. Here, the children of both sexes up to age of six years are dressed just alike, except for the color of the apron. The boy wears a plain blue apron and a blue cap with a little white patch in the top, representing a crown, while the girl's apron is sort of a mottled blue, and the cap is of the same material but without the patch in the top. At six years the boy's hair is cut short and knee trousers

are substituted for the dress, cap and apron. All the children wear wooden shoes. The girls and women wear dresses of very heavy, thick, woolen material in the darker shades, and the shirts are so volumnious that they project several inches at the hips. Sometimes the waists are of red and white cotton material with white lace trimming. The head-dress is a white cap of a peculiar cut and style, which gives these women a very unique and rather attractive appearance. At Volemdam the people adhere as strictly to their customs as do the people of Marken, but the costumes are quite different on these two islands, and it is claimed that if a girl marries a young man from another than her own island, she is obliged to change her costume to that of the island on which her husband lives, and she can never return and take her place among her own people. She is tolerated, but never recognized as one of them. At Volendam the men wear knee trousers of very heavy dark or black woolen material. These trousers are made very full and are seemingly without any fit whatever, and these together with a dark shirt and a sort of sailor cap, make up the costume. At Marken the men dressed just the same except the trousers were worn long. The way these people were dressed today, I imagine, was a Sunday or parade dress, for it appeared that they had taken much pains to look their best. These fishermen and their families, by reason of their environment, lead a very simple and plain life, barely having the ordinary necessities of existence, and having them only in the crudest form.

About 6 p. m. we return to the city. Amsterdam is claimed to have a population of about 600,000 inhabitants, and its buildings and some of its streets are characteristically distinctive of Holland, giving to strangers a good representation of this country and its people.

AMSTERDAM.

Monday, August 11th.

This morning we visit the Amsterdam Art Gallery. This city was the home of Rembrandt and most of his paintings are represented in the gallery here, and very fine they are, too. Many features peculiar to his work are called to our attention by our guide. For instance, in his "School of Anatomy" the eyes of the figures in the picture are fixed directly on their subject lying on the dissecting table, while in the same kind of pictures by other artists, the figures are staring in other directions. Another feature was made that in his representation of Christ on the Cross, the spear wound was made on the

left side in the region of the heart, where he concluded it ought to be, while most artists represent it to be on the right side. Here we see "The Night Watch," one of the most famous and celebrated pictures. In fact, we see two whole rooms entirely devoted to his paintings, and to the paintings of his pupils. Rembrandt's paintings, like those of Reubens, Titian, Raphael and Michael Angelo, are definitely characteristic, and these characteristics become more pronounced when a number of his pictures are seen together, and one is able to compare them. Rembrandt's distinguishing feature in his paintings is the remarkable variation of the light and shadow in the colors. By this variation of light and shadow he gives all the expression and effect of his wonderful skill as an artist. Reubens, on the other hand gives the most extravagant representations of his canvas with but slight variation, and principally in very few colors, the warm or yellow greatly predominating. In viewing the works of these world-famous masters of painting in the light of comparison, we must be led to conclude that the artist is born, not made, and that the effect he produces is the feeling and expression of the individual, it matters not how, nor in what way he may accomplish this effect. Michael Angelo and Raphel use very much the same colors, but the effect produced is quite different. The former portrays with that masculine boldness and power in which he has never been excelled, while the latter has no peer in the charming feminine delicacy of his productions. Leonardo De Vinci's marvelous effects are produced mostly by his grouping and posing, and his mystical and indefinable expression is not, in my judgment, as much due to his coloring as it is to the impress of his own temperament and individuality; on the contrary, Guido Reni does much with his wonderful variation and brilliancy of color.

We next visit the Palace and after that go to the diamond-cutting establishment, which is said to be one of the most important industries of the kind in the world. Here we are shown the diamond in the rough. This diamond is fastened to a holder, a stick six or eight inches long and half an inch thick. A kind of wax is used to fasten the diamond on this holder, and when the wax is heated it gets very hard and holds the diamond in place so that it can be ground. The brilliants are ground so that a perfect solitaire, large or small, must have 57 sides or angles to it. These diamonds are ground and polished with the dust that falls when they are cut, for no substance has been found that is as hard as the diamond. Just why these people here have become experts at the business, I do not un-

derstand, but so they are. The cutting is done partly by hand and partly by machinery.

We now go back to our hotel, Du Commerce, where we have ordered lunch.

THE HAGUE.

After lunch we are to take the train at 1:50 for The Hague. We arrive about 6:30, and have an excellent dinner to which we all do full justice. After dinner some of us take a little walk to hunt up a good place in which to buy some post-cards. We walked three or four blocks down the street to Dornstaat Street, and at No. 90 found a store with post-cards of every kind and description. I was at this place several times during our stay here. Besides my post-cards I bought a reproduction of "The Night Watch," 10 by 12 inches. Nearly every one of our party patronized this store while in the city There was a very affable and nice-looking young lady here by the name of Dorothy Gallon, who spoke the three languages, English, German and French. She was as efficient a saleswoman as I had seen anywhere on our trip.

Tuesday, August 12th.

The first place we visit this morning is the Art Gallery. The next is the Palace in the Woods, which is very fine. We then get our lunch at one of the restaurants and take the tram cars for Scheveimgen, which is the great summer resort of Holland, famed for its bathing beach. We spend about two hours here and watch the great crowd that gathers from all parts of the world. There is a fine pier running out from the shore about 300 yards to a pavilion and music stand. The bathing beach stretches out from here on both sides of the Pavilion, and many men, women and children are taking advantage of the opportunity of bathing in the ocean. The children especially are happy, digging holes in the sand, building castles and rolling about in the sand to their heart's content. I got quite a lot of a peculiar kind of shell here. We finally take the tram car back to the hotel in time for dinner. After dinner some of us pay another visit to the little post-card store, No. 90 Dornstaat Street and buy a few more cards. We leave The Hague early in the morning, so everything must be ready for our departure before we go to rest tonight.

BRUSSELS.

Wednesday, August 13th.

We left The Hague this morning about 9 o'clock for Brussels, and a heavy rain fell during our trip of about 60 miles,

but by the time we reached our destination, it had slackened some. Our hotel here is Weaker's Pension, Rue de La Tongue, No. 39-45. This pension is kept by a French lady, and is quite a satisfactory house.

We had quite an unpleasant experience before we reached Brussels. We had to make a change at a station on our way, and in the confusion consquent to this, one of the ladies' suit cases was lost. Mr. Kitchin made a trip back to the last station and finally found the suit case there. This flurry cost us some loss of time, and this, together with the loss occasioned by the rain, left us little time for sight-seeing today. Some of us had also planned a side trip to the Battleground of Waterloo, but the rain and the mud cheated us out of this visit. When Mr. Kitchin got back with the suit-case, we still had about two hours left in which to see some of the more important sights of the city, viz: the Palace De La Ville, the Art Museum, the Church St. Marie, the King's Palace, the Avenue de Tervueren, said to be equal to some of the best streets of Paris, etc. At a late hour we retraced our steps to the hotel for the night.

Thursday, August 14th.

This morning we go over nearly the same ground we went over yesterday afternoon, for only a few of the party were out then. So we, who had been here before, visited some of the places a second time. The Hotel de Ville, on the corner of the Beautiful Square "La Grand Place," is no doubt one of the finest buildings of the city, and is said to have been erected in the 14th century. It is of Gothic architecture, is profusely ornamented, and has a tower 360 feet high. The "La Grand Place" on which this fine building is located is surrounded by some of the best and most noted structures of the city, a few of them dating back to the Spanish possession. In this square it is said Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded in 1568. On the south side of the square is a magnificient building, handsome in architectural design and ornamentation, and on the east it opens into one of the finest arcades that I have seen in all my travels. It is spacious with a very high ceiling or roof, and is lined with beautiful stores, representing the best of Brussel's wares. This arcade leads to the next street four or five hundred feet to the east. The square, with the buildings surrounding it, is reputed to be one of the richest and most beautiful places of its kind in Europe. In summer the park in this square is given over for a flower garden.

The Palace of Justice is, in every particular, a more modern building, very large and impressive and of fine design, with

one central part surmounted by a dome and a lesser part on each side of the dome. Here, it is said, the three courts are represented, the Common Pleas, the Court of Appeals and the Superior Court. This is the Capitol building of Belgium. From one of the corridors, we get a good view of the old part of the city, for it is located on quite a rise of ground. The people here claim a very rapid growth for Brussels. Our landlord told us that his mother remembered when, seventy years before, potatoes were grown where the hotel now stands, and this is not far from being the center of the city. He claimed a population of nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants at the present time. Here on the "Place Royale" stands the monument of Godefroid de Boullion, the first knight of the crusade.

Facing this square is an old church, which is now used as a hotel, and where, on either side, an addition or wing has been added. On the second floor of the left wing of this building, it is said, the memorable reception and ball to the Duchess of Richmond was given the night before the Battle of Waterloo, in which battle 26 of the British officers, present on that occassion, fell. The story runs that this place was filled with a merry, laughing crowd. Every heart was light and free from even the breath of care; the music played and the wine flowed. The guests were in the height of their enjoyment when, faintly first, a sound as of thunder was heard in the distance, but no heed was taken in the intoxicating rounds of pleasure; but the sound of rolling thunder, which was really the sound of cannon became more pronounced, and the participants began to realize what was happening. A call, and rush to arms, was sounded, and a hasty farewell was taken of the gaily-dressed ladies, whose hearts had turned faint with apprehension, and their faces white with dread, as they realized what this event would probably mean to them. A beautiful poem, descriptive of this event, has been written by Lord Byron. In the evening our conductor, Mr. Kitchin, recited the poem to us in the parlor of our hotel.

PARIS.

I should like to have seen more of Brussels, but our time has expired, and we leave for Paris at 1 o'clock. The country through which we pass is similar to that of Germany, and the products of the soil are much the same. The women here, as in Germany, work in the fields. As we pass into France we can almost see the battle-field of Waterloo. We all regret very much that the rain interfered with our side trip to see it. We finally, after making a 200 mile run, reach Paris.

Here the depot was a swarming, bustling crowd of humanity,

but the porter from our hotel was on hand, and he soon piloted us through the crowd. He led the way to a bus nearby, which was to take us to the hotel, but as there was not enough room for all, it fell to a few of us to travel with the porter by the way of the tunnel cars. After quite a little ride, we reached the hotel just a little ahead of the bus.

As soon as we had brushed up a little, we went to dinner, for Mr. Kitchin had planned an automobile excursion, by lamplight, through the principal streets of the city. Our hotel, as usual, is a pension, "Beaulieu," 8 Rue Balzac, and we are all well pleased with our quarters. There is so much to see and so many interesting places to visit in the short stay allotted to us, that we have to make every moment count for something, and it was for that reason our conductor arranged this trip about the city this evening. We had three machines for about two hours, and the cost was 50 cents for each person in American money, a half-dollar we all concluded well spent. Paris is so well lighted that it can be viewed equally as well at night as during the day. The trip was delightful and the ride along the boulevard and noted places of interest in the city is one I shall never forget; in fact, the ride at night was more interesting, for, though the city could be viewed as well at this time, the kindly darkness had covered up all the defects, or the light had softened them, so that our first impression of the city was better than the second, which was formed when we saw the city in broad daylight. So it had proved in Berlin and Venice. By the time our two hours were up, it was getting late, so we hurried to the hotel, to get a good night's rest in preparation for the next day.

Friday, August 15th

Paris, the capital of France, covers an area of thirty square miles and has a population of two millions; it is divided by the river Seine, which flows almost directly through the center of the city. This river is spanned by 28 bridges, some of which, in the main part of the city, are very fine. The older bridges are of stone with three or four arches, while a few of the more modern construction are of iron, with but one arch; one of these, called the Alexandria bridge, is of beautiful design and is highly ornamented, with fine lamps and other embellishments.

The most famous boulevard in the world, the Champs Elysees, runs through the city. A splendid line of streets known as the Great Boulevards extends on the north side of the Seine, from the Madeleine at one end, to the Bastile at the

other, a distance of about three miles. On this street is the Grand Hotel at the corner of the "Place de L'Opera." At one end of the Champs Elysees, on an eminence, is the Triumphal Arch, which Napoleon remodeled after the one at Rome, and it is said to be the finest in the world. From this square on which the arch is situated, radiate twelve magnificent avenues, all of which extend upward to the arch. Houseman, a German engineer, is said to have laid out these streets according to a certain plan, and this plan was put through regardless of what stood in the way. We were told that here, in 1870, when the German besieged Paris and finally took it, the soldiers marched through this arch again and again, and bedecked it with the German flags, in retaliation of what Napoleon had done ninety years before. This arch can be seen from nearly every part of the city, and is said to have cost $2,000,000.

I shall not attempt to give an account of our ramblings in Paris in any particular order, but describe what we saw as the object presented itself at the time. Perhaps the most sumptuous building in the city is "The Opera House." It covers nearly three acres of ground and the cost of the building when completed, including the ground, was nearly $10,000,000. The varied and costly material of which it is built, the design, the decorations and embellishments, both of its exterior and interior, are of the best and most elaborate that could be procured. Its seating capacity is about 2200. One of the most disappointing features of my whole trip was my inability to attend an entertainment at this theatre while here. Faust was on the boards for the evening, August 15th, so accordingly a number of us planned to go; but to our great disappointment, when we applied at the box-office for tickets, not a vacant seat was to be had, and standing admission was positively forbidden by the rules of the management. We did everything we could to get in, but every entreaty was in vain. Some of the party went elsewhere, but I was too disappointed to go to any other place of amusement. Just at this time there was some kind of a holiday being observed, and the Cook Touring Company had a large party here, a hundred or more, which made things extra lively for a few days.

Vendome Column is an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome. It is 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter, and was erected by Napoleon 1st to commemorate his victories in 1805 over the Russians and the Austrians. The metal used in making this shaft was obtained by melting 12,000 Russian Austrian cannons. On the top is a statue of Napoleon 1st. Another fine monument is called the July Column. This was

erected after the revolution of July, 1830, in honor of the heroes who fell on that occasion. It is 154 feet high. The base is of white marble and the shaft, I believe, is of granite.

The finest of the religious buildings of Paris is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, 426 feet long by 164 feet wide. It has five naves running the whole length of the building, and the chapels are square. The massive, well-proportioned front, with its heavy square tower, gives an impression of durability that few churches possess. There is a perfect jam here today. We hardly find standing room, and to keep in touch with one another is simply out of the question. The services and singing were fine and impressive, though few of our party understood a word. Some of us finally found our way out again, and as we had agreed to meet at a certain place, the party all joined again before leaving. While we were waiting here, the Cook Touring Company drove up with eight four-horse wagon-loads of people to pay a visit to the cathedral. How many got in, and how they fared, we did not stop to see.

As it is nearly 12 o'clock, we stop at a cafe and get a lunch, after which we plan to go to the Madeleine. This church is said to have been founded by Louis XV. in 1764, but was unfinished at the time of the revolution, and Napoleon I. ordered it to be completed as a "Temple of Victory." Louis XVIII., however, returned to the original intention of making it a church. It was completed in 1842, and the amount expended is said to have been $2,500,000. It stands on a base, surrounded by massive Corinthian columns. The building has no windows, but is lighted entirely from the roof. It is constructed exclusively of stone, and is said to be one of the finest types of Greek architecture in Europe. We also pay a visit to the interior of the church and find some fine pieces of statuary, among them the figure of Joan of Arc.

After the visit to the church we go into the Place de La Concorde, which we visited on our first evening in Paris. This is one of the most beautiful and extensive public parks in the city. It is bounded by the Seine, the Champs Elysees, the Tuilleries and the Rue de Rivoli. The obelisk, that stands near the center of the park, marks the spot where the guillotine used to stand, and it is the place where Marie Antoinette and her husband were executed. During the years 1793, 1794 and 1795, it is claimed that upwards of 2800 perished by the guillotine. But however gruesome the associations of the park, it is certainly a beautiful place, and the two fountains I saw there were excellent in conception and style.

Saturday, August 16th

Today we pay a visit to the Louvre buildings, or to the Palace of the Louvre, as it is sometimes called. Here are presented the most important public buildings in Paris, both in architectural value and on account of the treasures of art they contain. The Louvre is divided into two different sections, the ground floor being devoted to an Egyptian museum, the other apartments containing the Asiatic museum, collections of ancient sculpture, collections of Renaissance sculpture, collections of modern sculpture, a picture gallery, a salon of the ancient bronzes, and a collection of Greek and other antiquities. The building is on the right of the Seine in the heart of the city, and it consists of a quadrangle with an inner court 394 feet square. The east front of the Louvre is 548 feet long and 90 feet high. On the southeast are the buildings of the Tuileries and adjoining these are the Gardens of the Tuileries, covering 74 acres. These gardens are laid out in parterres and bosquets, planted with chestnut and linden trees, adorned with playing fountains and basins and numerous statues, mostly from the antique. I presume there is no place in the world where there is so much license taken in the public display of these figures, as here in Paris. The visitor, who comes here to see the gay city, takes everything for granted. From this view-point, I doubt if there is anything like such surroundings in the world: the Louvre on the one side, the Seine on the other, and the beautiful gardens with their flower-beds, statuary, fountains, shrubbery, etc. One of the Triumphal Arches is close by, and the other is seen at a distance. These things all together make an enchanting picture.

We now come to one of the bridges that spans the river. From this bridge we get a good view of this deep, placid stream, which is confined on either side by high cement walls. Many small steamers and boats are to be seen plying on the Seine. Here on the corner of a street near the bridge is a small, unpretentious-looking building, which we are told is the Morgue, where bodies are kept for identification. As many as five or six bodies in one day have been taken from the river to this place.

We now take a walk down to a station where we engage a boat for a trip down the Seine. On this trip we pass under a number of the bridges that span the river. We next make a visit to the Church des Invalides. The beautiful gilded dome three hundred and forty feet high, which surmounts the Church des Invalides, and which can be seen at a great dis-

tance, is built on the north side of the river Seine and forms a part of the Hotel des Invalides. This hotel was founded by Louis XIV. for aged veterans, and it covers an area of 31 acres. Immediately under the gilded dome is a crypt, below the floor, containing the tomb of Napoleon. The crypt is 20 feet deep and 36 feet in diameter. The walls are of polished granite, adorned with 10 marble reliefs. On the mosaic pavement rises a single block of reddish-brown granite, weighing 67 tons and costing $30,000. This forms the base of the sarcophagus of Napoleon, which is 13 feet long, 6½ feet wide and 14½ feet high. At the further end of the crypt is engraved Napoleon's last request, "I wish that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well."

From this place we take a trip into the Latin quarter, or south part, of Paris. Here we find the Old Soldiers' Home. We counted 30 cannon at the entrance to the grounds of the home. Close by is Sorbonne Chapel and the University building, also the new Sorbonne, claimed to be the most famous art school in the world. We see the statue of Voltaire here, and as we pass along some old masonry is pointed out to us as the remains of the Bastile Prison. This is not where the prison originally stood, however.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, in front of the palace occupied by the Senate, are rather larger than those of the Tuilleries, and the conservatories adjoining are rich in rare plants. These gardens were laid out by Napoleon, according to his specific directions, and are of the finest in the city. A pleasant picture is presented to the eye, of green grass, flower beds, shrubbery, statuary, and fountains; the statuary is very fine and is of French style. Scattered over the grounds are stationary seats and moveable chairs, and we avail ourselves of a few minutes rest.

We leave the gardens now to get a view of St. Genevieve, or the Pantheon. This is claimed to have been patterned after the Pantheon at Rome. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome in the center and a columned portico in front. During the revolution the building was used for various secular purposes, but later, the interior was restored to the exclusive ecclesiastical service. The remains of Victor Hugo and of Joan of Arc both repose here. We are told that the Pantheon is to Paris what the Abbey is to London.

We now come to a building that was left standing from the first international exposition held at Paris. This building is called "Ququette." It has two towers and fronts a beautifully

kept park, which is ornamented by fine flower beds and handsome fountains. The park slopes to the south and faces Eiffel Tower. Quite a number of our party are contemplating the ascent of the tower. We finally decide to go, pay our fare and take the car at the bottom. There are three stations, and one can go to the first or all of the three. The entire height is 900 feet. I went clear to the top and wrote a postal up there and mailed it at the top in a box provided for that purpose. I must confess that I breathed much more easily when I got down near the ground again, but I was much pleased, too, with the fine view of the city from the top.

It is now about 6 o'clock and our dinner hour is drawing near, so we have to beat a hasty retreat to our hotel. Some of our party are contemplating a visit to an entertainment tonight, by lamp-light, in the city; for we still feel keenly the disappointment of last evening in not getting into the Opera House to see Faust played. But after dinner most of the party make up their minds to go to the Magic City, instead of going to a theatre. Prof. Loving, his wife, and myself, chaperoned four young ladies of the party.

The place called the Magic City is on the opposite side of the Alexandria bridge, and is an exhibit something of the nature of our street fairs or the Midway Plaissance of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, only that this was on a larger scale, and had many new features, the usual beer garden attached. This fair consisted of moving picture shows, ferris wheel, toboggan slide, shooting gallery, costume exhibits, etc. Among the amusements were horse-back riding, boating and dancing. The ladies seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, but, speaking for myself, I can say that I was not overjoyed with the fair, for I had seen almost the same thing several times before. There were some well-dressed people here, but it was by no means a fashionable crowd. People who attend an exhibit like this are about the same as they would be anywhere else, made up of all classes. We have not yet, and probably will not have, the opportuniy of seeing the fashionable people of Paris, unless we may see them on the street. The Opera would have been a splendid place to see them, had we been able to gain admittance last evening. As it is, we will probably fail to see a representative turn-out of the people of Paris. When we reached our hotel, upon our return from the fair, we found that it was after midnight, and we hurriedly sought our rest.

VERSAILLES

Sunday, August 17th

We get our breakfast at 8 this morning and are soon ready to travel on to Versailles. We walk down to the station and get the train, and as our destination is only about 60 miles from Paris, it is not a long ride.

Versailles is to France what Potsdam is to Germany, except that the former is very much larger; in fact, Potsdam is sometimes called the Versailles of Germany. The population of Versailles is some 300,000, while that of Potsdam is only about 50,000.

This being Sunday and our time limited to only five or six hours, we confine our observations to the Royal Palace and the grounds or parks. This is the summer residence of the Royal families and their friends, a retreat for repose and freedom from responsibility and business cares. The approach to the Palace did not strike us very favorably, for it seemed very ordinary and unattractive, but the Palace itself was somewhat similar to the many we had seen before. The pictures, decorations and furnishings were very fine, but there was nothing extravagant or unusual.

After leaving the Palace we continue our walk through the grounds westward, where we come to a very fine fountain, just at the top of a terrace. From this terrace starts a beautiful avenue, which continues for about three-quarters of a mile, with a grove on either side. Along on either side of the avenue, every two or three hundred feet is a statue. When we come to the end of the avenue, we find another fountain, beyond which is a lake of some forty or fifty acres. On the right of the fountain a road leads off and continues through the woods. We walk down this road and finally come to a building called the "Little Tratuna." This is a small palace in the country or woods, a retreat or private summer home. It is said that Marie Antoinette was wont to come here and spend her leisure hours, where she would be undisturbed. It certainly was a secluded spot for the residence of royalty. From here we wander about the grounds and view the beauties of the park. Flower gardens, lakes, bridges, arbors, fish ponds and a small mill unite in making this a most lovely place. The day is pretty well spent, so we wend our way back to Paris, where we arrive about 6 o'clock.

PARIS TO LONDON

Monday, August 18th

We are getting ready to leave Paris, but our train does not depart until 11 o'clock, so we have quite a while to wait. As we will probably not have an opportunity to get a lunch on the train, we get one before starting. We go from here to Harwich, from which place we are to take a boat to cross the English channel. We do not reach Harwich until about 7 o'clock, as the train was a little late. Here our baggage is inspected and then transferred to the boat.

After we got on the boat we had quite an exciting time getting our rooms located, as there were many more passengers on board than there were state-rooms, and as our party had accommodations engaged ahead, the stewardess had to make room for us. We finally got ourselves and our baggage settled and were ready for dinner. It was nearly 9 o'clock and we were all very hungry. We had had a long and hard day of it. As soon as dinner was over, we were all inclined to get a good night's rest. We were told that the boat was to take on mail about 12 o'clock, after which it would start on its trip across the channel.

I had been in a sound sleep, when about 1 or 2 o'clock I awoke and found the boat going up and down, hither and thither. I felt as if in mid-air, or as if I were on some mighty swing, but having had some experience on similar occasions, I knew what it meant and lay perfectly still, and consquently suffered no great inconvenience from the commotion outside. It was not long, however, before I heard one of the state-room doors, on the opposite side of the aisle, open, and a voice cry out, "Stewardess! Stewardess." I could hear the tin receptacles as they were brought forth, and the excitement that followed was quite general all over the boat. I made no move, and finally as things got settled a little, went to sleep again. The next morning when I got up and came on deck, a sicklier crowd I never saw. Many that had not been able to secure state-room accommodations were lying about on benches and seats of the cabin, with nothing but their blankets to rest on, and looking as if they had just recovered from a prolonged illness.

However, as we neared the opposite shore, things calmed down a little, and everything assumed its normal condition, and the sick soon recovered. It was yet early, and as we had our choice of getting our breakfast on board or waiting until we had transferred to the train, I concluded to wait.

LONDON

The time of waiting was not long and we soon had our bag gage transferred and were on the train bound for London. As soon as we were comfortably seated in the dining car we ordered our breakfast, and those of us who were not affected by the night's ride across the channel enjoyed the meal very much. It was the best meal we had had since we left Paris, and it was the first, for the most of us, ever eaten on English soil.

After about a two hours' ride we reached the City of London. About 10 A. M. we arrived at our hotel, No. 11 Kensington Gardens.

Tuesday, August 19th

As soon as we get cleaned up a little, and the dust brushed off our clothes, some of us go out on the street to look up a good cafe or restaurant in which to get our lunch. Our Tour Company furnishes two meals a day, but the noon lunch is at our own expense. The reason is that tourists are usually out sight-seeing, away from their hotel, at the noon hour, and as some do not care much for lunch anyway, it is left entirely to the individual, to eat where he chooses, as the case may be. We have only a short disance to go when we come to a Lyon Eating House. This is one of a number of the same name, and they answer to our Child's Restaurants of New York City. We get a good lunch here for one shilling, 25 cents in American money.

We now have the afternoon before us, so we make Westminster Abbey, our objective point. After viewing its exterior for a short time we pass inside, and our first impression is that we are in a place much associated with the past. This impression is deepened as we read the inscriptions over the tombs, and see the figures of such men and women as Chaucer, Dryden, Dickens, Ben Jonson, Walter Scott, Herschel, Darwin, Jenny Lind, Burns and many more, equally distinguished in the higher attainments of human activities. We spend some little time here and are loath to leave at all .

The next place we visit is the Tate Art Gallery. Here we find many masterpieces, some of which I will mention as being among the finest: "The Bronze Serpent," "The Judgment of Paris," "Peace Driving Away the Horrors of War," "Abduction of the Sabine Women," all by Paul Rubens; "Respect," "Scorn," "Unfaithfulness," "Happy Union," "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander After the Battle," by Paolo Veronese; "Adoration of the Shepherds," "Jew Mer-

chant," "A Burgomaster," "Portrait of Himself," by Rembrandt; "The Holy Family," "St. John and the Lamb" and "Two Monks," by Murillo; "Madonna Decli," "St. Katherine of Alexandria" and "Madonna and Child," by Raphael; "Venus and Adonis" and "Bacchus and Ariadne," by Titian.

Wednesday, August 20th

This morning we decide to go to the British Museum. Here we find just about what one would expect to find who has read or heard of the museum, viz: everything under the sun in the way of natural and artificial objects, the products of nature and the inventions of man. Everything that has ever been done or accomplished by man seems to be represented. We see implements of cooking, of war, of industry, agriculture, music, etc.

One of the greatest curiosities here is the skeleton of a man claimed to have been buried long before the rule of Menes, first historic king of Egypt about 8000 years ago. The tomb in which this skeleton was found is cut out of solid yellow sandstone, with two pieces of slab of the same material for a cover. The man lay with one limb drawn up under him, his head a little to one side, and he had a little bunch of reddish hair right on top of his head. A card attached to the tomb stated that the body had been treated with bitumen, a remarkable agent for the preservation of the body. The body did not seem to be to any degree petrified, but it was simply dried up like raw hide and was hard as a bone. A lot of Egyptian pottery lay in the tomb with the skeleton. Later on we saw another skeleton, that of Henri, an Egyptian official of about the year 2600 B. C.

We found our own country well represented here. We saw Indian relics from Illinois, Indiana, North Carolina and Ohio, the latter state having sent a number of curios from Hamilton County. We went through the museum quite hurriedly, as we wanted to give some more of our time to Westminster Abbey.

Next we visit St. Paul's Cathedral. This is a fine, stately church, rather plain inside, but its very simplicity appeals to one after seeing so many gorgeous temples in Italy and other parts of the country through which we have traveled. We find in the cathedral the tombs of such men as Lord Howe, William Turner, the artist, Charles Marcus Cornwallis, Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Gordon and the Duke of Wellington. To the latter is erected one of the most conspicuous memorials to

be seen in England. We notice here on one of the walls a very fine painting called "Time, Death and Judgment." This picture was quite a problem, but I soon studied it out to my own satisfaction. As I was standing before it, a man stepped up and asked me if I could interpret the meaning of the three figures represented. I told him how I understood it and he said he thought mine a good explanation. This man I found was from the State of Illinois, so he seemed quite like a neighbor to me.

On a slab, in the walk before the steps of the cathedral, we found this inscription: "Queen Victoria stood here and gave thanks to Almighty God for the sixteenth anniversary of her coronation, June 22nd, 1897.

Thursday, August 21st

Our first attempt at sight-seeing today begins only a few steps from our hotel. As we come south about one block, we cross the street and enter Hyde Park through a gate. We go almost due south and after walking a half hour or so we come to the riding track, Rotten Row. Here we see a few people speeding their horses, but no very great demonstration is being made; however, on some fine afternoons, we are told, great turnouts may be seen here, when the fashionable people of the city come out to enjoy a ride or drive. On the opposite side of Rotten Row, farther south, we come to the "Albert Memorial." This magnificent monument to Albert, the late consort, was erected by the English nation at a cost of $600,000. On a spacious platform, to which granite steps ascend on each side, rises a base, adorned with reliefs in marble representing artists of every period, poets, musicians, painters and sculptors. In the centre of the base is a colossal figure of Prince Albert in bronze. A canopy over the figure terminates at the top in a Gothic spire, rising in three stages and surmounted by a cross. The monument is 175 feet high and is gorgeously embellished with bronze and marble figures, gildings, colored stones and mosaic work. Albert Hall is just across the avenue a little farther south. This is a fine building. It is circular in form and has a dome-like roof covering the whole of the structure.

From here we take an underground car that takes us down to the old part of the city, not far from the old London Tower. This tower is a very old building, and like many other old things about London, has a history and much of it is unwritten history. We were shown a brass plate in the court of the tower, which marks the place where the scaffold stood, and

where the prisoners from the tower, condemned to die, were executed. In one of the rooms on the second floor of the tower, crowns, diamonds and various other kinds of valuable jewelry, belonging to past generations of England's royalty, are placed for safe keeping. The value of the jewels displayed here would run into the millions. Before we came to this part of the tower we had to pass three sets of guards. A solid stone wall entirely surrounds the tower and forms one side of it, and a heavy stone wall within forms the other three sides of the tower. Within the inner stone wall are the prison and other government buildings, and there is also a spacious court where mounted guards are parading. On the third and fourth floors of the tower are museums of military armor that mark the progress of death-dealing instruments of war from the most crude designs to the present scientific inventions of the day.

The old London Bridge is not the one standing today, but an old wooden, half-ruined structure farther down the Thames. The present one was begun in 1825 and completed in 1831 at a cost of $10,000,000. It is 928 feet long and 54 feet wide, and is supported by five granite arches, that in the center having a span of 154 feet. The lamp-posts on the bridge are cast of the metal of French cannon captured in the Peninsular War. It is estimated that 15,000 vehicles and 100,000 pedestrians cross the bridge daily.

At the south end of the bridge is the old Southwark Cathedral, or the Church of our Savior. Some parts of the building date back to the 10th century, we are told, but even after that lapse of time the building is remarkably well-preserved. The curator of the church was a very pleasant and affable English gentleman, who gave us such an exhaustive description of everything connected with the parish, that we could not remember the half he told us. He said that Jonson, Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Bunyan had worshipped here during their lifetime. He showed us a chapel, with three beautiful stained glass windows, which he said was a memorial chapel given by Harvard College to the memory of John Harvard, Sr., the father of the founder of Harvard College in America. John Harvard, Sr., lived only a few steps from the church and was an active member in it for years.

We finally go back over the bridge again. As it is about the noon hour, we go to a nearby restaurant and get a lunch, which comprises the following: Tea, 3 pence; cheese, 2 pence; 2 tongue sandwiches, 4 pence; banana, 1 pence; currant roll, 1 pence; equals one shilling, or 25 cents.

After lunch Mr. Kitchin and I go to the American Express

Office to see about getting a ticket for my return trip through Germany, for I had planned to leave the party and make quite a tour of this country before returning home. I also wanted to ascertain which route would be the shortest and the best for me to take. I made a very satisfactory arrangement that takes me from Chester, England, via Rugby, Cambridge and Harwich, where I cross the Channel again.

We next take a look at the Bank of England, or "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as it is often called. It is a one story, stone building, covering an area of four acres, and is located in the central part of London. It is the largest and most powerful financial institution in the world. Its average daily business is over $10,000,000, it usually carries from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 in its valuts, while there are from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000 of the bank's notes in circulation. On the right is the Stock Exchange, giving daily employment to 1000 brokers.

Passing on, we come to another historic old place, Chesra Cheese. It is right off the main thoroughfare and is reached by a walk that leads to the rear of some large business houses. It is unpretentious little ale and wine room, where for a century or more have met philosopher, poet, artist and statesman, to have their glass of ale or porter, and to smoke, and where congenial spirits mingle and enjoy the company of one another.

As we still have a few hours before going back to our hotel, we go to the National Portrait Gallery. This is confined almost entirely to portraits and principally to England's distinguished men and women. I was particularly impressed with the fact that the English nation is so loyal and proud of its ancestry that it has established a special gallery for the purpose of preserving for future generations the likenesses of the great spirits of the past. A few of the portraits I particularly noticed are as follows:

Francis Bacon, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Burns, Samuel Johnson, Edward Burke, Sir William Hamilton, Charles Marcus Cornwallis, William Pitt, Admiral Nelson, George Washington, John Ruskin, John Stuart Mills, Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson, Sir Bulwer-Lytton, William Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Lord Byron, William Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, William Blake, Robert Browning, Herbert Spencer, Charles Robert Darwin, Thomas Huxley and William E. Gladstone.

OXFORD

Saturday, August 22nd

We leave London this morning about 8 o'clock for Oxford, but stop off at Windsor to get a look at Windsor Castle and to visit Eaton College (Old School). This college is an old landmark, and both the exterior and the interior show its age. It is interesting in many ways, but chiefly for the fact that so many distinguished men all over the world have been tutored here in their youth. The school-rooms have a very simple and antiquated appearance. The seats are of heavy two-inch plank about ten inches wide, and they are stained a dark brown. These seats are all cut and carved by the students who have occupied them, as are the desks. Every student that has ever attended here has had his name enrolled by having it cut into the wood of the wainscoting of the schoolroom. This is one of the requirements of the school and it is done in a systematic way, but it looks very odd to us. Another thing which looked odd to us was the lack of anything modern in the buildings and surroundings in general, especially when we remember our own schools at home. Yet we are told that the school was full the past year, and that boys' names were on the waiting list for the year of 1914. Boys are admitted from the ages of 12 to 19 years, and the hours for study are from 7:30 to 5. Such men as the Drexels, Marshall Field, Astor, Gladstone, Pitt, and hundreds of more or less noted men have been students at this famous, plain old school. On the premises and belonging to the college is Eaton Chapel. On one of the walls of the chapel hangs the oil painting by Watts of "Sir Galahad," said to be valued at 6000 pounds. The copyright of this painting, we were told, was owned by an American patron of the school, now deceased, and the benefits from the picture now go to the support of the widow; but the college is the custodian of it, for the owner had many friends here, and had cherished many pleasant associations of the school during his lifetime.

We now get a lunch near the depot and go to the train. We have only a few minutes to wait, and are then off for Oxford —the Athens of England. We arrive about 4 P. M., and as soon as we get our baggage deposited in the rooms at our hotel, we take a stroll among the college buildings and churches. We feel that we are in the very atmosphere of learning when we visit so many colleges. The first we see is Exeter College, founded in 1313, then All Souls College, founded in 1437, Lincoln College and Jesus College. Magdalen

College is one of the largest here, and we are told that the University of Chicago is patterned after this. The tower of the Magdalen College was erected in 1483, after the other part was finished. University Church forms part of this college.

Sunday, August 24th.

Oxenford Hall, No. 15 Magdalen Street, is the designation of our hotel here. Just across the street is the Church of St. Mary Magdalena, a very old one with a small, square tower. Everything inside looks ancient, as do all the churches and cathedrals here. I think the association of things old has a certain charm for the people who live here, and the fact that this charm is profitable to them, makes them all the more reluctant to part with the old customs and methods.

Just a little west of our hotel, about 600 or 800 feet from St. Mary's Church is a monument which is reached by some twenty steps. The steps lead up to a platform. From the platform a base twelve feet high rises, and extending from the base is a spiral-shaped shaft about 30 or 40 feet high. This monument was erected to the memory of Thomas Crawmer, Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, who were burned on the spot, for the part they took in opposing the errors of the Church of Rome. This memorial is right at a point where two streets come together and form a triangle, leaving quite a space at the point. Here is where the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A., the Socialists and Suffragettes meet at different times and proclaim their various theories and platforms. On Saturday evening the Salvation Army was out in full force and a big crowd was out to listen to the music, the singing and the exhortations. Later on they had a parade, which passed by our hotel.

On Sunday evening the Y. M. C. A. had a meeting at the same place. About 7 o'clock this evening the chiming of the church bells was beautiful. I never in my life heard as many bells ring at one time. I doubt if there is any other place in the world where there are as many churches and chapels in so small a space. At dusk some of us take a walk west of our hotel on Magdalen Street, something like a mile or more. This is the better part of the residence district, and we see some very beautiful old places on both sides, but nothing that could be called modern, though everything is roomy and comfortable. There is not much of student life to be seen this time of the year.

While some of us were listening to the Salvation Army this afternoon, Mr. Kitchin came up to us and said he had found

another old church and he wanted us to see it—so we visit it this evening. We find that it was built in 1386, therefore it is very old. The windows were done by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Surrounding this church and the college nearby are some beautiful gardens, and in one place a quadrangle of green is made by the surrounding buildings. Just a little farther on is St. Peter's in the East, another old church, and across the street is Queen's College and Queen's Chapel.

KENILWORTH CASTLE AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Monday, August 25th

This morning we take the train at the same station we alighted when we arrived, and go to Leamington, where an automobile is in readiness to take us to Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliff, Warwick Castle, Shottery and Stratford-on-Avon.

Lastly we visit the house where Shakespeare was born. It is on Main street, and we are told that his father purchased the premises, so that we know the house was not built by Shakespeare himself. We were shown into the house, which, we are told, is about the same as it was when the Shakespeare family lived here. The room where the poet was born is quite a spacious chamber, but it has a very low ceiling. I could easily touch the ceiling with my fingers. The furnishings of the room are very simple, and a large fire-place occupies nearly all of one side of the room. The room downstairs, which opened right on Main street, was occupied for many years by a meat-market. The owner of the meat-market kept the room over the store, where Shakespeare was born, as a curiosity shop, for which he charged a small admission fee. However, it was not long before the English government realized the importance of preserving this property, and it was purchased for that purpose.

The Ann Hathaway cottage, Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon, is just a few steps from here on the opposite side of the street. Here we are shown through the different rooms by a woman who explains everything as we go along. Among the odd things we see is a novel lighting device. This is made by dipping a reed or rush into oil and putting it into a holder, much like a candle-stick in shape, except that it has a clamp. This clamp holds the reed tight at one end and it is lighted at the other. When more light is needed the reed is lopped in the middle and both ends are lighted. From this arrangement, it is said, the old saying of "burning the candle at both ends," originated. In the kitchen, or living room, we find a very large old fireplace, with a chimney almost as large,

running clear to the top of the wall. Near the fireplace is a seat, or settee, three or four feet high, made of ordinary boards. The rooms upstairs are about 11 or 12 feet square, with low ceilings, the rafters being big, rough timbers about 6x6 or 6x8 inches, and the ceiling is plastered between the timbers. The meagre furniture, consisting of bedsteads, chairs, etc., is claimed to be the original furniture used by the Shakespeare family.

Stratford is reached by the old bridge over the Avon. This bridge was built when laborers received only one penny a day for their labor. On our way back we pass Harvard House and the old Grammar School, where Shakespeare was educated. A little farther on we come to Trinity Church, where the remains of the poet repose, and where a memorial of him is erected. We are fortunate enough to get a view of his Memorial Theatre before we pass on to Leamington, from whence we started out.

Tuesday, August 26th

We came to Chester last night from Leamington, and we begin to realize this morning that this is the last day of our tour as far as the Temple Tour people are concerned. Our tickets, however, take us to Liverpool, from whence most of our party sail for America.

To make the most of the day, some of us go out before breakfast to take a walk about the city, Mr. Kitchin in the lead. We walk around on the old wall, which is remarkably well preserved, and we find most of the sentinel towers intact after so many years. The old moat is half full of water. Near here is a fine old church, also well preserved.

Some of the business parts of the city have a most peculiar style of building. On one street, for several blocks, the upper part of the stores or shops is built some 12 feet out over the lower part, so that the sidewalk is all under cover and the shop fronts are 12 feet back from the edge of the curb. This must be a prevailing style, for we saw a newer block of shops built in just the same way on another street. Of course, this made the interior of the business rooms rather dark and dingy, but it had some advantages, especially so in rainy and disagreeable weather, of which there is a good deal during the fall and winter in England.

The time passes quickly and it is time for those who are going to Liverpool, to be off. I am not going to sail with the others, but am going back through Germany on a side trip of my own. Mr. Kitchin asked me if I would accompany the re-

turning party as far as Liverpool, from whence they sail for Ameirca on the "Cimbric." I told him I would, as I wanted to stay with the party as long as possible, for the trip with them had been most pleasant.

LIVERPOOL

We finally arrive in Liverpool, and I find, to my dismay, that my ticket for the side trip through Germany has been issued from Chester, so I have to return there, paying my own fare. Mr. Kitchin, too, returns to Chester, for he is about to start on a trip through Scotland. He has invited me to spend the night with him here in Chester before we finally part, but as I am contemplating a visit to my father's and mother's birth-places in Germany, and do not know how much time it will require, I am reluctant to spend my time in stopping over.

I get as far as Rugby this evening and conclude to stop over there tonight. I find a nice little temperance hotel, not far from the depot, which is clean and quite reasonable in price. This is a college town, but I do not go out to see the buildings, for I am too weary.

Wednesday, August 27th

I leave Rugby about 8 o'clock this morning, pass through Peterborough about 10, and arrive at Cambridge at noon. Here, too, I miss seeing the college buildings, for I do not want to stop over night. I get a lunch, change to another train and am off again.

This part of England has the most fertile soil I have seen in all my travels. It is more productive even than that of Germany. I saw one and two large ricks of wheat on five or six acres of land, and the sheaves looked to be about as thick as they could stand. A great deal of the land is in grass and the grazing cattle look fine. No corn is grown here, but peas and beans instead, which are fed to the stock in winter. The wheat harvest is about two months later than in Ohio. I am now coming in sight of water and it will not be long before I reach the English Channel again.

At Harwich I cannot get on the boat until 8 o'clock, so I have to wait about an hour. The weather looks calm and fine, so I anticipate a quiet night crossing the Channel to Antwerp.

BRUSSELS

Thursday, August 28th

Had a good night's rest and could hardly tell I was on the water. Got my breakfast on the boat this morning, and landed

about 8 o'clock at Antwerp, then left Antwerp at 8:30 for Brussels. Arriving at Brussels I have to look up Cook's Office in order to have some French money exchanged for German, and it takes me quite a little time to locate the office, as it is in another part of the city from where I entered. I finally find the building and make the exchange without any cost.

After I get a lunch I go back to the depot, but my train is gone. I am not disappointed, for I had half decided before to spend the afternoon looking the city over for the second time. It has been just about four weeks since our party was here. I go over just about the same ground again that our party traversed, and have a few impressions corrected that I had formed before. I get another view of the Palace of Justice, a stately edifice completed in 1883 and costing over $10,000,000. The high tower on this fine building suggests ancient Egyptian or Assyrian architecture, but on the whole it has a modern appearance.

In the center of the city, on the Boulevard Anspach, rises the Bourse, or New Exchange, an imposing building in Louis XIV. style. Its vast proportions and almost excessive richness of ornamentation combine to make the building worthy of being the commercial center of an important metropolis. The City Hall, or the Hotel de Ville, which I have described, I believe, on a former occasion, is considered one of the most beautiful public buildings in Brussels.

My impression of the capital of Belgium on my first visit was very good, but it is even better on the second, for I see a number of buildings I had not seen before, and have more leisure in which to form a correct opinion and appreciation of the things I see. The Cathedral of St. Gudule is in about the central part of the city and this edifice overlooks the lower section of the city. It is one of the most imposing and ancient Gothic churches in Belgium. It was built in 1220, and has been in constant use for six hundred and seventy years. Its interior is adorned with fine paintings and kept in apparent good order.

I go through the Art Gallery again and verify my first impression of its being a very superior collection of paintings and statuary.

METZ

My next destination is Metz, and the train leaves here at 6:30, so I get a lunch near the depot and take the train on schedule time. I was told before starting that I would reach Metz at 5 o'clock next day. However, upon looking out of

the car window about 1 o'clock I am greatly surprised to find on a station outside the words, "Haupt Banhof Metz." I gather up my baggage and hardly have time to step off the car, when the train pulls out. There is not a human being to be seen about this immense depot building, but I go through a door that leads to the outer side and there in a small office, find a man who gives me directions to the city. A very short distance from the city, in the glare of the electric light, I find a hotel on the corner of two prominent streets. Not a soul is to be seen or heard, so I walk up a few steps to the door of the hotel and ring the bell. In a few moments a man makes his appearance at the door and grants my request for a room for the balance of the night. I find my room a nice, comfortable one, with a good bed.

Friday, August 29th

Coming from my hotel this morning, the first thing that attracted my attention was an old gate-way, or Triumphal Arch, as they are generally designated. I was told that it was very old, which was undoubtedly true, judging from its appearance. The next thing of prominence is the Plaza, or Park, which is very fine. In this park is Das Denkmal (Monument) of Kaiser William 1st, and not far from it is the Cathedral of St. Lawrence. Of this I get an exterior view but have not time to go inside. Nearby is Das Rathaus (Council Chamber).

I visit the market place, where there was much activity and all kinds of wares are being offered for sale, and I buy a souvenir to remember the town by. The Kraiser Bruman, the Marshal Ney Monument and the fine Union Depot are all worthy of note.

STUTTGART

I now go back to the depot and take the train for Stuttgart at 10:30, and pass through Strasburg, but do not stop. In passing along I again see the women working in the harvest fields. The harvest is just about two months later than our own. There are a great many hops grown here, also some corn, but it is of poor quality. The land about here is not as good as we have been accustomed to seeing.

We have just crossed the river Elbe. In one valley here I count fifty women working in the fields. I was under the impression that it was only here in Germany, where it prevailed as a general custom, but in this respect there seems to

be little difference between Germany, England, France and Italy.

I arrive in Stuttgart about 5 P. M. and the first thing I do is to hunt up a good restaurant where I can get something to eat, for I have had no opportunity to get anything worth while since I left Metz. I soon find a place not far from the depot, like all the German eating-places, beer being the principal thing. However, I get a good dinner and am well satisfied. While on the train a circular was handed me, on which the names of different business houses, hotels, restaurants, etc., were noted. I now select a hotel, or hospitz, as they are called, at No. 11 Christopher Street. It is six or eight blocks from the depot, and when I find it, it proves to be just what I thought it was, a branch of the Y. M. C. A.; a most excellent place, and very reasonable in price. I make up my mind at once to stop here during my stay in the city. This building, I was afterwards told, was at one time the regular Y. M. C. A. building, but is now run as a hotel, under the control of the association, and a room is set apart for Y. M. C. A. services, which are held daily. The association has now a new building, equipped with all modern facilities, the cost of which was over one and a half million dollars. I expect to visit this building before leaving Stuttgart.

HORHEIM

Saturday, August 30th.

I take the train this morning for Horheim, a village of about 1300 inhabitants, three miles south of Veihingen on der Ins (River Ins). Horheim is the native village and birthplace of my mother, and the sole object of my second trip through Germany was to visit the place where she was born and reared, and where her girlhood and school days were spent, prior to her departure for America in the spring of 1840. Later on I expect to visit the birthplace of my father.

It is about one mile from the railroad station to the village of Horheim, and as there was no conveyance at this time of the day, I walked that short distance. There was a beautiful little grove, through which I had to pass on my way to the town. The tops of the trees almost touched each other overhead, where the foliage made a thick canopy. As soon as I got to the edge of this timber on a little higher ground, I could see before me the little village, of which I had heard so much, and so often, from my childhood days until my mother's death two years ago. The most conspicuous object, from this distance, was the village church spire, so characteristic of the

little towns throughout Germany. The road soon made quite a turn, so that I approached the town from the west on the main street (Haupt Strasse).

On this street were located all the principal business houses of the place. There were four hotels and restaurants (Gast House and Wirtschaft). How so many hotels can exist in so small a place needs some explanation. A hotel, in nearly all the small country towns throughout Germany, embraces a lodging place, meat market and a bar, but at these bars there is seldom anything sold except beer, and not often any one is seen intoxicated, either in or about the place. At least, I did not see a single person, on my whole trip abroad, that I could say was intoxicated.

Horheim, like many of the smaller towns of Europe, changes very little, and from appearances of today, I could imagine things much the same as they were seventy-five years ago, when my mother, a girl of about twenty years of age, dwelt here. The mode of living, the general habits of the people, the plain, unadulterated cordiality that exists here, bespeak the essence of rural simplicity and contentment, and proved a great object lesson to me. In the week that I spent in the little village, I saw many things that I could readily recall being told by my mother during her life, such things as the cattle being housed in the basement of the dwellings, the clean white curtains and neat appearance of the second stories, and the air of thrift pervading everything. The cattle were as clean, smooth and sleek as moles, for they were bedded and curried as regularly as Kentucky race horses. These milch cows not only furnish milk for the family, but also for the milk-depot, from whence it is forwarded to the next town, Veihingen on der Ins, where the people draw their money once a month for the milk shipped. But even with the furnishing of milk for both purposes, the cow's usefulness does not end. In the morning she is hitched with a companion cow or a steer, to a wagon, and driven to the harvest field, where she is worked as our horses are at home. The wagons used are only about one-third the size of ours, they have small wheels and a kind of rack which tapers toward the center of the wagon, and they are principally used for hauling hay and grain. The cow teams are sometimes driven by the man of the family, sometimes by one of the boys, but oftener by one of the women, the mother or the daughter. Whip in hand, and the scythe in the wagon, they start out about 6:30, strong, with ruddy complexions and the pictures of health, apparently content with their condition, a matter-of-fact inheritance. I think, however, that I dis-

covered underneath all this, symptoms of an unrest and an ambition in the minds of a few of the women, who were looking a little beyond their immediate environment for better things and better possibilities, which were not yet quite clear to them.

I saw stacked up in the corners of the back yards, under the eaves and under sheds, small bundles of grape vines, which were carefully gathered after grape pruning in the spring and tied together and stored for the next winter's wood.

The hotels, too, were just about as I expected them to be from the descriptions I had had. They were all built on one side of the street, the north side, and were all designated by figures placed on the tops of posts in front of the houses. The first was that of a lamb (Lamb Wirt), the next a crown (Kronen Wirt), the third an eagle (Adler Wirt), and the fourth an angel (Angel Wirt). These figures were seventy-five or eighty years old. Many of the dwellings were said to be over two hundred years old. They were made of plaster, with tile roofs, and very little difference could be noticed in them, except perhaps the replacing of a tile or two on the roofs.

Horheim, small as it is, was once a fortified town. While there is no evidence left of any wall or moat, there is in the northeast section an old tower still standing, dating back perhaps to the 15th or 16th century, indicating that it had been a fortified town.

My main efforts here were directed to finding some old persons who might have known my mother, or known of her, and to locate the house where she was born and resided when a girl. I finally found several people from 80 to 90 years of age, but not a single one had known her or even known of her. I went to the minister of the place, who kindly gave me a full and detailed report of her family from the church register. I also found the house she once dwelt in.

One man with whom I talked, remembered the morning the party that mother was with, left for America. This was on March 5th, 1840. He said that he was only four years old at the time, and the reason he remembered it was that he had an uncle in the party, who, upon leaving, made him a present of a certain article as a token of remembrance. He said the party was quite a large one, and that it started from a house at the upper end of the town, where they all drank hot coffee, as it was a very cold March morning. The trip to Havre, France, from whence the party was to sail, was made with teams, and this man, whose name was Gottlieb Neible, said he remembered well the big iron-bound chests that the passengers

had on their wagons. I knew that he was telling the truth, for I had seen one of those chests in my mother's possession until only a few years ago. This man, Neibel, also pointed out the Fisher house that a half brother of my mother occupied prior to the year 1849, when he sold the property and emigrated to America. After that the property fell into the hands of strangers. It was rather a humble dwelling, but was very substantially built and probably will stand another generation. I wanted a picture of this place, but found there was no photographer there. However, the landlord of the hotel I was stopping at, agreed to have a picture of the house taken later on and forward it to me.

My time at Horheim was about exhausted, but before leaving this part of the country I decided to pay a visit to Veighingen on der Ins, the county seat (Oberamptstadt). This town is of considerable importance, as it has jurisdiction over all of the surrounding neighborhood. There is a castle to the right on a high eminence, as one enters the town, and some other very old land-marks of bygone days. I spent a few hours here and then went back to the station and took the train for Stuttgart, arriving there about 1 o'clock. Then I went directly to the hotel where I had stopped before, No. 11 Christopher Street.

Thursday, September 4th

Today I visited St. Marie Cathedral and afterwards the Y. M. C. A., just across the street. The Secretary showed me through the whole building. There were ninety dormitories, and the building was equipped with the best and most modern arrangements.

Not far from the Palace there was an Art Exhibit in progress and thinking there would be something really fine in a large city like Stuttgart, I purchased a ticket for two marks and a catalogue for one mark (75 cents) and went in. This venture I regretted very much, for I was never more thoroughly disappointed in my life in a picture exhibit. There was nothing but a few mediocre water colors, pastels and crayons, a very few in oil, and none of any real merit or value.

I soon left the exhibit and went to visit the old Schloss Platz, and other places. Just across from the old palace is the new one. In front of the latter is the palace park or Neu Schloss Platz. In the center of the park is a fine monument of Emperor William 1st, and the park itself is beautiful with fountains, flower beds, shrubbery, fine walks, etc.

Friday, September 5th

Stuttgart has a very fine depot situated in the neighborhood of the old and new palaces. The Koenigsbau is another fine building only a block distant. Most of the business houses on the prominent streets are of solid, substantial character, and the city, as a whole, is one of moderation, stability and permanency.

I took the 10:21 train for Eisnach, where it was due about 5 P. M. I passed through a fine agricultural district again, in most respects similar to the other parts of Germany. I noticed a little corn, which I was told does not mature, but is cut green or dried and fed as hay. I have often heard Germans speak of apples as fruit of considerable importance in their native country, but the apples I have seen grown here would hardly be made use of in America. Fine meadows are to be seen through here from Stuttgart to Heilbrun and on all the hillsides and higher ground, the grape is the principal thing cultivated. One thing I saw here that I saw nowhere else. There were great ridges of stone piled up between the grape patches, perhaps 200 feet apart, I suppose to get them out of the way. Of course, they were taking up some ground, but it, no doubt, is better to sacrifice a little of the ground to get that which they do have under good cultivation. I believe the same practice on some of the stony land in our country might be profitable.

We made a short stop at Wurzburg, and after that saw more wheat growing, which looked fine. Much of it was out in the fields yet, some being cut at this late date, September 5th.

I arrived at Eisnach on schedule time, took my suit-case and walked up the main street. When I got into the main part of the city, I saw over the door of a house the sign, "Christe Hospitz." I went in, found that the proprietor, who could talk English and German, so decided to stop over night.

Saturday, September 6th.

This morning I took the train for Berka on der Wera. It is but a short distance from Eisnach, so that I arrived at the little village in less than an hour from the time I started. The depot is perhaps a half mile, or a little less, from the town, so I walked in. After walking a short distance I came to a bridge, which spans the Wera, a small sluggish stream, which passes through the south section of the town. I crossed this bridge, and as I advanced five or six hundred yards, the street made a sharp turn to the left and led me right through the center of the town in a westerly direction. This street is

called the Haupt Strasse, or Main Street. As I walked along this street a short distance I could see ahead of me an archway, indicating that this town, too, had at one time been a fortified hamlet, and the archway was preserved probably as a proof of the past existence of the fortification a century or two before. Beyond this arch were a number of new houses of quite modern construction; dwellings that would cost in Ohio from two to three thousand dollars each to build.

I walked until I came to this archway, when I turned to go back. On my return I came to a little tailor shop, where a man was sitting before the door. Immediately the idea came to me to ask the man if he knew of any old people in the place, of eighty or ninety years of age. For this was my father's birthplace, and I was desirous of getting all the information concerning his early life that it was possible for me to get. I soon engaged the man in conversation and we talked for quite awhile. Finally, he said, "There is an old lady living just across the way, who is about eighty years of age, is well informed, and a most remarkably intelligent woman for her age. She can, undoubtedly, give you the information you desire, and, if it is agreeable, I will take you over and introduce you to her." I thanked him for his offer and we walked across the way to the house. He introduced me to the old lady and stated the object of my visit. The lady's name was Luskey, and she said she had a son in Steubenville, Ohio; that she remembered father well, but did not know any of his brothers or sisters. This seemed rather strange to me, for he had two brothers and three sisters living at the time. She also told me that the house father lived in was just above her place on the same side of the street; that it was well preserved and still went by the name of the Metz House, although not a person of that name lived in the village at the present time. She further told me that a lady lived here who, she was sure, was related to me. While we were talking, a little girl came into the room, and Mrs. Luskey asked her if she would show me the way to the home of the lady in question. She assented, so we walked down the street together for a couple of blocks and then around the corner till we came to the house. The little girl knocked at the door, and a nice middle-aged lady made her appearance. I explained to her who I was and why I had come, whereupon she invited me into the house. She told me her name was Schurstein and that she and her brother lived here alone, and in turn, I explained fully the object of my visit; that my name was Metz, that this was my father's birth-place and that he had left here when twenty-four years

of age; that I had come to see the place and to look up family relations, if any were living at the present time. For the moment Miss Schurstein was overwhelmed with surprise. She said she never had the least thought of hearing from relatives in America, although she knew she must have some there, as one party had emigrated in 1840 and others at a later date. She said she had often seen her grandmother weep and say she could not understand why her brother did not write and let her know where he was, and how he was getting along.

As Miss Schurstein was very much agitated, I thought it best not to stay any longer, but to come back some time soon. However, as I was leaving, she made me promise to come back and take tea at 5 o'clock, when she said her brother would be at home.

I went back to the little hotel where I had left my baggage and got my dinner, after which I took another walk about the place to familiarize myself with the streets and things in general about the town.

When I presented myself again at Miss Schurstein's door, I found that she had recovered somewhat from her surprise, and she and her brother welcomed me heartily. During my absence the brother and sister had gotten our relationship quite thoroughly established in their own minds, and expected, with my help, to soon get a clear understanding of our family connections. The impression that Mrs. Luskey had was not correct. The person she had in mind was not my father, but a nephew of father's, by the name of Carl Ruckert, who with a brother, Christopher Ruckert, went to America about the year 1854. These two young men and a sister Pauline, who came to America later, were the children of my father's youngest sister, Louise. My father had another sister named Wilhelmina, a brother William and a brother Frederick, both the latter being unmarried. Another brother, Henry, who died about the year 1848 or 1850, leaving a family of eleven children, was a resident of Bavaria for some years before his death. In spite of the fact that this brother Henry had such a large family and the sister Wilhelmina had three daughters, not a trace could be found of either of them in their native village, nor did Miss Schurstein know anything of the families, nor what became of the later generations. The three of us, Miss Schurstein, her brother and myself, talked until quite late, for we had many reminiscences to relate and many memories to recall. After taking leave of my cousins, for so they proved to be—second cousins—I went hurriedly back to my hotel. As the morrow would be Sunday, I expected to attend

services in the old church which my father used to attend when he was a boy, and up to the time he left his native village for Hamburg, where he worked for five years.

Sunday, September 7th.

Went to church this morning. The building was a very old one, just how old I had no means of knowing. An old house close to the church was claimed to be the oldest building in the village. The figures 1521 were marked on the wall outside, but whether they indicated the age of the house or not, I do not know.

My cousin, Miss Schurstein, had arranged the day before to take me to visit an old gentleman by the name of Sunderland, who was in his ninety-second year, and who, she said, would probably remember better than anyone in the town, something of my father. She said he was remarkable for his well-preserved physical and mental condition and for his memory and intelligence. We accordingly called on Mr. Sunderland, and I found him about as he was described. After explaining the object of our call, he said, "Yes, I have a very distinct recollection of your father. I remember when he left home to work at his trade at the age of about twenty years, and later, when he returned home on a visit, looking very fine in a brand new beaver cap." This was to me real evidence that I had found a person who actually had known my father, for I had repeatedly heard father tell of that beaver cap; how it had been the ambition of every young man to own one, but the price was very high, eight marks; $2.00 in American money). This old man also spoke of a large dog my grandmother owned. This was additional evidence, for I had often heard father speak of the large dog, which they called Waldam.

Father had also told us that grandfather died when he was very young, and grandmother kept and conducted the hotel, which, from the size and style of the building, was evidently built for the purpose. The house was three stories high, with large double doors at one end, where a driveway led to the stables in the rear. The grounds at the back of the hotel were some three or four hundred feet deep, ending at the river (die Wera).

Mr. Sunderland did not remember much about father's brothers or sisters, for father was the youngest, and the others had undoubtedly left home at that time. William was a linguist, and was said to have gone to Italy; Henry had married a titled lady from Bavaria, and had gone to settle on an estate

owned by his wife, and the rest had gone, no one knew where.

Here Mr. Sunderland related a little incident concerning my grandmother and himself. He said one day, when a little lad, he had been down to the river, and had gotten his clothing wet, and in that condition was afraid to go home. My grandmother, hearing of his plight, made him come into her house and would not let him go until she had taken him to the fire and dried his clothing. This resulted in a fast friendship between them as long as my grandmother lived.

On the way back from our visit, my cousin took me past the old family residence and hotel, and after looking it over, she took me down a narrow street to the rear of the lot, which, in times past, had contained the stables and sheds of the hotel. There was about an acre of ground in all. She said that her grandmother had been in possession of the premises for a number of years, but owing to fires, at two different times, the stables and outbuildings were destroyed, involving her in debt to such an extent that she finally lost the property. Miss Schurstein claimed that when it was brought to a forced sale it only brought about one-fourth of what it was actually worth. She believed that the property had changed hands three times before the present owner bought it, but its appearance showed that it had always been owned by persons who had taken good care of it. No changes had been made to alter the appearance of the house, except that a porch and balcony had been added over the front door in the center. The present owner is a wealthy business man of the town, who, my cousin told me, had added many comforts and conveniences to the interior of the house.

Monday, September 8th

Today, about eleven o'clock, I left Berka on der Wera, for Eisnach, to which place my cousin offered to accompany me. As the distance was only a few miles from Berka, and therefore my cousin was well acquainted with the city and sursoundings, I considered myself fortunate in having her company, and so gladly assented to her proposition.

There are some very important historical facts connected with Eisnach. The Wartburg, which is located on quite an eminence in the southwest section of the city, is the old castle and chapel where Martin Luther, on his return from the Diet of Worms, was confined, and where, during his stay of about eleven months, he devoted himself to the translation of the New Testament from the Hebrew into the German. Eisnach is also the birthplace of Sebastian Bach, the composer. It is said

that both he and Luther were educated at the Latin school here. The population of the city is about twenty thousand.

My cousin persuaded me to take the trip up to the Warburg, which was a hard one, the ascent being steeper than it looked, viewing it from below. But Miss Schurstein, who had climbed it many times before, did not seem to mind the hardship. After passing through the different rooms of the building, we came to Luther's study, the room where most of his writing was done. Here we were shown the place on the wall where he had thrown the ink bottle at an apparition which he took to be the devil. From this spot the plastering has all been taken by souvenir hunters, and it has been covered with wood. On the way back from this visit I bought two pictures, one of Luther taken from an old oil painting, and the other of the Wartburg.

After we had gotten down on nearly level ground, Miss Schurstein took me to a grotto, or passage, in the rocks of the surrounding hills. This was some half mile or three-quarters in length and was hardly wide enough for two persons to pass through. A few blocks farther on in a distance I took to be west, we came to a little old brick building, called the Luther house. This was Luther's boarding and lodging place, From a distance the house looked as if one side had sunk in the ground about eighteen inches, otherwise it looked quite substantial, old as it was. I suppose that as long as it will stand without endangering the life of anyone, it will be kept as a landmark for the traveler's interest and curiosity. It is said that Luther loved to sing, and had a fairly good voice; that he was always the leader of his schoolmates in serenading in the evenings, the prevailing custom of those days; that by reason of his kind heart, good manners and religious tendencies he endeared himself to everyone who knew him. The landlady, with whom he boarded and lodged, kept him for some time without pay, when it was found that he no longer had funds to pay his way, and would have been forced to discontinue his studies for want of means. We were shown the room where he studied and slept, which was only about 8x10 feet. The furniture consisted of a small bedstead, one chair and a small table. There are still a few articles here, said to have belonged to Luther.

Upon coming out of the house, I found that the evening was pretty well advanced, so I accompany my cousin to the train for Berka. I bade her farewell, for it is not likely I shall ever see her again. I then hasten to my hotel for a good night's rest.

HAMBURG

Tuesday, September 9th

I take the morning train for Hamburg, where I arrive about 1 o'clock. After getting my dinner at a restaurant, I make inquiry for a good hotel, which I find only about two squares from the depot, Hotel Wilkin. This is a small house, very conveniently located, is well kept and the price is reasonable. Two marks per day are charged for a room, which includes breakfast, and with the other two meals at 80 pfennig each, would make the cost 90 cents per day. First class accommodations at the best hotels is three marks per day for a room, which always includes breakfast, and two marks for lunch and dinner, representing all together in American money $1.25 per day. This is cheaper than such accommodations can be had in our own country.

Wednesday, September 10th

This morning I went to the office of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company to see about my overcoat that I had forwarded from Berlin, and that I found I would not need on my travels through Italy. I was informed that it was in their baggage department, and would be forwarded to the boat on which I was to sail to America, as soon as my passage certificate was made up from my transfer from the Temple Tour Company.

After leaving this office I walked about the city of Hamburg until I was quite tired. I went to the flower market south of the depot three or four blocks, and was astonished to find the mass of gladiolas and other fall varieties that were for sale here. In nearly all of the large cities of Europe there are special markets where nothing but flowers are sold.

Becoming quite weary, I returned to the hotel to write, but soon found that I was taking cold, as there was no fire in my room, and so had to abandon my writing.

Thursday, September 11th

I awoke this morning feeling considerably discouraged and out of sorts, for I had taken a severe cold. I had seen about as much of the big city of Hamburg as I cared to see, and was tired of it, yet I had nine days before the boat was to sail for America. I realized more than ever the past few days, that I had made a great mistake in not making my return trip by way of Dresden and putting in a few days at the Art Gallery there, for that gallery houses more of the ancient

masterpieces than any other gallery in the world. I felt that it was more than likely that I would never have the opportunity of seeing these pictures again, and would regret, ever after, that, for the sake of saving a few dollars I had let this chance go by of studying the best and most of the great masterpieces of the world. I realized that though I had gained a very good impression of the gallery and some of its best paintings while there before, still I did not have time enough to get the full benefit of the gallery and its work. Viewing the situation from a financial standpoint that a dollar on a American basis meant four on a German basis, I finally concluded to go down to the ticket office and ask what the fare would be for a third class ticket to Dresden.

I was told that the fare was 12 marks, $3.00, or $6.00 a round trip. I had saved $2.00 by taking the short cut in the first place, so I figured that to make the trip would not cost me over $5.00 or $6.00, including all additional expense, and that the time yet at my disposal would give me two or three days at Dresden, one or two days at Berlin, and then I would still have two days at Hamburg on my return before my time was up.

It did not take me long to make up my mind, so I bought my ticket and started early. The ride was rather a tedious one and it brought me into Leipzic about 11 o'clock. I walked about for an hour before I found suitable quarters, for which I had to pay three marks, including breakfast. I thought this rather high, for I had already gotten used to European rates. Had that been at an American hotel, however, 75 cents would have been considered very reasonable for a room and breakfast.

DRESDEN

Friday, September 7th

I arrived at Dresden about 10 o'clock, and after getting something to eat I went to look up a good hotel. A lady who had stopped here for several months, two or three years before, had recommended to me the Pension Nuremburg, Platz 5. When I applied for a room at this place the landlady asked me if anyone had told me of her house, and when I told her someone had and who that someone was, she was very much astonished and pleased. She said she admired the lady very much and for her sake would give me one of her best rooms, which she did. This proved to be a large double room on the second floor, with fine furniture, tapestry and curtains. The building fronted on the Main Street, which led to the depot,

and was about three-fourths of a mile from the center of the city.

After I got located at my hotel, I walked back to the center of the city on Prager Strasse, where most of the fine stores are situated, jewelry stores, art stores and music stores. Here I found one of the best and largest hotels, also the Automatic Restaurant, the finest of its kind I have ever seen. In the smaller shops, or stores, is kept most everything that a traveling public could be in need of, and everything is done to cater to this trade. I went into a number of these places, and found on many articles the price to be about one-fourth the cost of the same thing in America. This, however, is only the case if the article is purchased for personal use. If it is purchased for any other purpose it is subject to duty, which makes the price run up. This all has to be explained to the customs officials to their satisfaction. If it appears to them that what you have purchased is for yourself and your family, little is said or done, for the law allows one person or family $100 worth of goods.

I had been over the city so much the first time that things now seemed, on this second trip, to be quite familiar to me. I did little today but walk about and familiarize myself with the streets and some of the main features of the city. As the Art Gallery is not open tomorrow, I will have to wait until Monday or Tuesday to go there. I am glad tomorrow is Sunday, for I am very tired.

Sunday, September 14th

Got my breakfast at the Pension this morning for the first time, and it was very good indeed. After that I thought I would like to attend church service, and I accordingly looked up an Episcopal church, which I found not far from the depot. It was still early when I arrived, but the bell was ringing, so I went in. I soon discovered that early service, with communion, was being held, and the regular service was held at 10 o'clock. I intended to go back for this service, but it was so cold when I was there the first time, that I feared taking cold and did not go. I got a lunch at one of the restaurants, and in the afternoon wrote a number of letters. Got my dinner at one of the cafes and walked leisurely back to my rooms, where I retired early.

Monday, September 15th

Went to the Museum this morning, and on that account did not get to the Art Gallery until late. I found that the first

visit here had well prepared me for the second visit. While I remembered to have seen nearly all of the best paintings, I had not had the time to study the details of the work, nor had the pictures impressed themselves upon my mind sufficiently to definitely remember them. I bought a catalogue and marked those I though of the greatest merit, a number of them being illustrated. Following are the names I checked from the list:

"Sistine Madonna," by Raphael; "The Tribute Money," by Titian; "Die Heilege Nacht" or "Holy Night," by Correggio; "The Wedding at Caanan," by Paolo Veronese; "The Combat of the Arch-Angel with Satan," by Tintoretto; "The Penitent Magdalena," by Batoni; "The Hero Mars Crowned by the Goddess of Victory," by Paul Rubens; "Mary, with the Child Jesus," by Titian; "Adoration of the Kings," by Veronese; "Jacob's Dream," by Ferdinand; "Gauamed in the Talons of An Eagle," by Rembrandt; "Sacrifice of Manoah and His Wife," by Rembrandt; "Joseph Introducing Jacob to Pharaoh," by Ferdinand; "Finding of the Cup in Benjamin's Bag," by Victors; "A Wild Boar in Death Struggle With Hounds," by Jacobsen; "The Prodigal Son," by Jordaens; "The Lion Hunt," by Rubens; "David With the Head of Goliath," by Strozzi; "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," by Dignani; "Silvio Begging Forgiveness of Dorinda After He Had Wounded Her," by Guercino; "Driving Adam and Eve Out of Paradise," by Albani; "Christ With the Crown of Thorns," by Guido Reni.

Many more wonderful paintings are in this gallery, which time and space do not permit me to mention. Suffice it to say that to view the contents of this gallery cannot help but be a lifelong satisfaction to the artist, the amateur or the admirer of fine paintings. I have spent Monday afternoon and the whole of Tuesday here, and could spend more time if I had to spare. But I must get back to my Pension and retire early, for I expect to take the early train tomorrow for Berlin.

BERLIN

Wednesday, September 17th

After about four hours' ride I arrived in Berlin about 10 o'clock A. M. I transferred my baggage to the Hamburger depot in order to get it checked and not be obliged to carry it with me. It was from this station that I would have to

start on my return to Hamburg, so it was quite convenient to leave it here.

My object in stopping off and spending another day here was to get another view of this fine city, and to spend a half day, or so, in the Art Gallery, which I had visited quite hurriedly when here before. As I have given a description of Berlin on a former occasion, I will not attempt anything more, except as it may be necessary to illustrate something new that I had not mentioned the first time. I took a stroll over about the same ground that I traversed at my first visit, and was surprised to find how familiar everything seemed, and how much I had really gotten out of my first visit.

From the depot I came through the Brandenburg Gate, which is in the principal part of the city, at the beginning of the Avenue Unter den Linden, and went to the Art Gallery. I spent about a half day in the Gallery, but found little to add to what I had seen before. However, I got a better and firmer impression of what I had seen.

Late in the afternoon I leave the Gallery and return to the vicinity of the depot, where I get a lunch and a room for the night, for I expect to catch the midnight train to Hamburg, and so want to be close by.

Thursday, September 18th

I got off on schedule time and after making a fast run arrived in Hamburg at 7 A. M. I went directly to the Hotel Wilkin, where I had stopped before and managed to secure my old room. After I had got the baggage safely placed in the room, I went to the office of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company and got the mail they had for me, and at the same time completed arrangements for my return trip across the ocean.

I had a memorandum of my steamship ticket and thought that $52.50 covered the full expense of the ocean passage, but was informed that an additional amount of $7.50 was required. The Temple Tour Company allowed me $52.50 for the return passage to America on the Cimbric that sailed August 26th, but in order to get the full and uninterrupted benefit of my trip with the Company, and at the same time visit my mother's and father's birthplaces and native homes in Germany, I was obliged, after the company arrived in Liverpool on August 26th, to go back through Germany at my private and individual expense, and upon returning, use the $52.50 advanced by the Temple Tour Company, for my return ticket to America on some steamer other than the Cimbric.

I found in London that the most suitable boat, as to the time of sailing, was the President Grant of the Hamburg-American line, which would leave Hamburg on September 20th. I should have preferred to go the 12th or 15th, but there was no boat between the 10th and 20th. The passage on the President Grant, I found was $60.00, so that accounted for the $7.50 additional that I had to pay.

Friday, September 19th

After breakfast this morning I went to the Hamburg-American office again to see if there was any mail. While there I made inquiry as to the location of the Art Gallery, and found that it was only about two blocks from my hotel. As I had a little over two hours before lunch I went in and found some very fine work, all the paintings being, however what might be called modern art. The following are a few of what I considered the best: "Einzug Carl 5th in Antwerp" ("Entrance of Charles 5th Into Antwerp"), 25x40 feet, and very fine, but to my notion it had not the boldness of execution and coolring of the old masters; "Das Urtile des Paris"' ("The Judgment of Paris"), by Feuerbach, 10x18 feet, very good; "Ruckkehr des Verlorenen Sohnes" ("Return of the Prodigal Son"), by Benjamin Vautier, also fine; "Sontag Morgan" ("Sunday Morning"), by Ludwig Jessen; "Der Toast auf die Braut" ("A Toast to the Bride"), by Vautier; "Eine Lustge Geselschaft" ("A Jolly Company"), by Ludwig Knaus; "Jean Leon Gerome Before the Judges," by Freidherr, very good; "Drei Frauen in der Kirche" ("Three Women in Church"), said to be one of the best paintings in the Gallery. This last picture was only about 3x4 feet, and portrayed a most humble subject, three peasant women kneeling and worshipping in church, but the folds of their garments and the leaves of the prayer books, separated by the fingers of the left hand, were so perfectly natural that the scene seemed almost a reality.

However, I did not see this remarkable picture at the time I viewed the others. Upon leaving the building I spoke to the guard and commented upon the contents of the Gallery. He asked me if I had seen "Drei Frauen in der Kirche." I told him I had not, and when he said it was considered one of the best paintings in the Gallery, I decided to go back on purpose to see it. One of the finest paintings in the Gallery to my notion, however, was that of "King Lear with the Dead Body of Cordelia," by Julius Louis Asher. This was given a very conspicuous position just above one of the land-

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ings of a stairway, which position it certainly merited. I thought it was one of the best modern paintings I had seen anywhere.

I intended, when leaving the Gallery, to take a street car and ride to some of the more remote parts of the city, in order to get a better idea of the resident parts of Hamburg, but it was getting late, so I abandoned the undertaking. Before dinner I went to the depot to get some definite information regarding the departure of my train for Cuxhaven the next morning. I found that it left at 6:55 and I retired early in order to get well rested for the start.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Saturday, September 20th

This was the date that had been well fixed in my mind for some time, for I had made arrangements six weeks before, in London, to sail for America on the President Grant.

I got up at 5 o'clock and went to the depot without breakfast, for fear of losing my train. I arrived at Cuxhaven about 10 A. M. Here I had to wait quite a while, as there was a heavy fog, and the boat had not, for that reason, made its appearance yet. It was not long, however, before the President Grant hove in sight, and in a short time the big crowd that had gathered to take passage began to move forward, up a staircase to a platform which led to the first and second decks. It was about an hour before all were aboard, for the number, I was told, was 2100 people altogether. Our service on board was to begin with our lunch, but before this every passenger had to present his sailing certificate and receive his state-room and table numbers before he was registered, and this, of course, took some time. However, after an impatient waiting on clerical red tape, we were finally permitted to go to our state-rooms to make ready for lunch hour, which had already passed into the afternoon.

After lunch was over the passengers sauntered about at their leisure, getting acquainted with each other as opportunity offered. The President Grant was so different from The Patricia, the boat that I came over on, that it took me several days to get acquainted with the order and position of its approaches to the different departments.

Sunday, September 21st

Nearly all of the pasengers on board were still strangers to each other, so that a good deal of the day was spent in reading and writing and walking about the deck. Many on

board were returning from a sojourn abroad, and I found, as before, that most of the people were Germans, or of German descent. A few had made the trip several times before. I met a man going over on The Patricia who told me that he had made the trip on seven distinct occasions.

Monday, September 22nd

Thus far the weather has been fine, but we have hardly started on our voyage yet, for we will not get out of the Channel until late in the afternoon. I can now see the French coast, where mail is taken off, which will precede us to America. A little later still, I see the coast of Ireland on the opposite side. By tomorrow we will be out in the ocean proper. The day has passed uneventfully, except that this evening there has been a little breeze and the sea has been a little rough, so much so that at the dinner table there was a conspicuous absence of passengers in their accustomed places. There was a considerable swaying of the boat, which was quite perceptible even at the table, and it was noticed that a few left before finishing their dinner. Some people, and especially women, are very easily affected by a high sea and a rocking of the boat.

Tuesday, September 23rd

Got up early and went on deck to have a good walk before going to breakfast. The sea had calmed down some and the air was fresh and bracing. I saw as many as six little fishing boats at a distance, indicating that we were still not far from the coasts of France and England. At the rate of speed we were making, however, it did not take us long to get out of their sight.

Eating is a very important factor on these ocean steamers. Breakfast is served at 7:30, bouillon and crackers at 10, lunch at 12, coffee and coffee kuchen at 3 and dinner at 6.

In the afternoon it rained a little and white caps were quite in evidence, as we looked out over the water. Most of the passengers came in under cover until dinner. After dinner quite a number went up on deck again for their exercise, although it was a little rough and windy.

It is very interesting to note the difference in the people making up the passenger list of a boat of this size. They always represent nearly every state in the Union and many countries of Europe besides. The first and second cabins do not present such an anomaly of character as the lower part or steerage. I watched the people on the steerage deck on several occasions, perhaps more from curiosity than from

anything else. While many of the passengers appeared to be of the squalid and ignorant class, there were some among them who bore the imprint of modesty, cleanliness and honesty beneath their poverty. Such people do not crave sympathy or pity, only an opportunity. From such ancestry come many of the best, and noblest, if not wealthiest, citizens of our country. After all is said and done, what more enduring legacy can we leave to our posterity than a clean, robust constitution and a character of good and noble purpose, regardless of the source from which it springs?

Wednesday, September 24th

Got up at 5:30 this morning, and found my walk on deck especially delightful. I saw one of the most beautiful sunrises I ever beheld in my life. It was cool after the rain of last evening and the sky was perfectly clear, with the exception of a few broken clouds, where the sun was making its appearance on the horizon and peeping up over the surface of the water. The coloring of the clouds as the rays of the sun diffused themselves through the margins, and the brilliant red hue of the sun itself were indescribably lovely.

The afternoon brought with it quite a strong wind and a little rain. The sailors put up the storm curtains again on the leeward side of the boat. The ship was heaving quite a little and many of the passengers were hugging their steamer chairs pretty closely, while others had taken to their state-rooms. White caps were covering the ocean and I wondered if it were the equinoxial storm. I hoped we would soon have fair weather again, for it is a little dull on the boat when it rains.

Thursday, September 25th

The sea has calmed down again, and although the wind is still blowing from the leeward, it looks as if we would have a fine day. Some of the passengers were walking the deck at the early hour of 6 A. M. and by the time breakfast is called the deck will be pretty well occupied by those who are not affected by the rough sea. After breakfast some of the younger passengers play shuffle board on the steerage deck of the boat. Some play cards and dominoes in the ladies' cabin, while some of the men play cards and drink beer in the gentlemen's smoking room. Nothing unusual so far has taken place today. After dinner we have playing and singing in the dining room by some of the women passengers. So far as I am able to judge, however, we have not the talent on board that we had on the Patricia.

Friday, September 26th.

One month ago today, August 26th, I parted company at Liverpool with my traveling companions of the Temple Touring party, with which I had been traveling for sixty days, the most of the party going to America on the Cimbric, and I going back through Germany alone. As I sit on the deck of the ship and think back over the days that are gone, the past two or three months seem like a dream from which I must soon awake.

During my musing the bell rings for afternoon coffee and coffee kuchen, and as not many are missing these customary relishes, I fall in line and go, too. I understand that we are to have a dance on board tonight. I think it is the custom to have one on each voyage. As I do not dance, I retire early as usual.

Saturday, September 27th.

It is just a week today since we sailed from Cuxhaven and we are about three-fourths of the way across the ocean. We are nearing the Gulf Stream and are experiencing quite a difference in the temperature, it being very much warmer than for the past few days.

After dinner as two of my room-mates and myself were standing near the port-hole in the corridor next to our room, one of them excidedly said, "Did you see that boat going by, not over fifty feet from our vessel?" I said, "No," but immediately ran up on deck to see. The boat had already gotten out of sight, for there was such a dense fog that no object could be seen for more than a few hundred feet at most. Those who had been on deck gave an account of the incident. A three-mast sail boat had just crossed the path of our ocean steamer, and so close did it come to us that our boat just grazed the stern of the sail-boat. The force and disturbance of the waters tossed the sail-boat about and the situation was pretty dangerous for a while. It was said by those who saw the incident, that from the confusion on board the sail-boat, it was quite evident that some of the passengers at least, realized that they had just escaped a watery grave, for had our steamer struck the little craft in the middle, it would undoubtedly have gone to the bottom. Just how our own boat would have fared it is hard to tell.

The sail-boat was heavily laden with merchandise and the incident was in the vicinity of the Titanic disaster. It brought our steamer almost to a standstill, and from that time on the fog horn blew every five minutes. This is, I think, the rule,

but it had not been observed prior to that time. The blowing of the fog horn was kept up until about 10 o'clock that night, when it cleared up a little.

The bell for our 3 o'clock lunch is ringing again. believe these lunches between meals are a good thing in one way, at least for ocean travel, for they help to fill up the passengers' time and keep them in a good humor, for the voyage gets extremely monotonous to many persons. After the second or third day, they long for the opposite shore and count the days and hours until their journey will end. If an ocean voyage of ten days seems tedious and long, we should be thankful for the improvement that has been made in ocean travel, both in regard to speed and safety. Sixty or seventy years ago from four to six weeks were required to make the trip.

Some of the women passengers are getting up a kind of entertainment and reception for next Monday evening and are soliciting a mark from each person to defray expenses. It is to be, I believe, a kind of farewell occasion.

Sunday, September 28th.

Three months ago today, on June 28th, I sailed from New York on my voyage abroad. What I have seen and experienced in those three months is, in a measure, imperfectly contained in the foregoing notes. In the rush and hurry of a touring party, it is almost impossible to get a perfectly correct statement of all the facts, as they impress themselves on one's mind, at least to one, to whom it is a first experience. It is for that reason that I am copying these notes, and in doing so am hoping to be able to corret some, at least, of the many errors that have crept in.

There was a notice posted on the mirror of our deck stair that there would be services in the Ladies' Parlor of the first deck at 11 o'clock, by Bishop Partridge, of Missouri. I got ready and attended. It was the first Episcopal service that really appealed to me since I left home, and I had attended services at Interlaken, Oxford, and Dresden.

After the service was over I shook hands with the Bishop, and asked him if he knew Bishop Vincent. He replied, "Yes, he was a college mate of mine, and I expect to meet him in New York upon my arrival there." Bishop Partridge was a good speaker and his sermon on this occasion was an excellent one. The sermons preached by Rev. Dox on the Patricia, and by Bishop Partridge on the President Grant, Both Americans, the former from Philadelphia, the latter being Bishop of Missouri,

were far ahead of anything I had heard in the whole of Europe during the three months I was away.

Monday, September 29th.

This is a beautiful September morning. While the wind was blowing almost a gale yesterday evening and the sea was quite a commotion of white caps, this morning the wind and the water have quieted down and the atmosphere seems to be just right for health and enjoyment.

Many of the passengers are walking the deck, enjoying the bracing air and viewing the rising sun, as its rays are reflected upon the great expanse of the ocean from the horizon on the east. An unusually joyous spirit seems to be reflected in the face of nearly every one on board this morning, and this is due, probably, to the fact that we are nearing the end of our voyage and are approaching American soil. Those who have been to Europe for pleasure, instruction, improvement or curiosity, are pretty well satiated with the things they have seen and experienced; and those foreignborn, who have simply been back on a visit to their native countries, of which there is a large number on board, all seem to be satisfied, and are eager to get back to rejoin their families and again take up the tread-mill duties of their lives.

Tuesday, September, 30th.

Got up early and went on deck to get the morning air and to see the beauty of another sun-rise on the ocean. It is again one of those delightful September mornings and sea-gulls have made their appearance, indicating that we are nearing land. At the rate we have been going yesterday and last night we expect to be in New York harbor by tomorrow afternoon, if not a little sooner.

Just how long the inspectors at New York will detain us we do not know. I am told that the inspection is much more rigid there than it has been in the countries of Europe. There the inspection we were subjected too was more a matter of form than anything else. The fact is that every traveler's baggage is subjected to inspection in passing from one country to another, but the ordinary sojourner, who has a clear conscience and does not betray any uneasiness or concern about the inspection, is seldom subjected to the inconvenience of a rigorous examination. Some pasengers open their suit cases to have them ready for the customs officers to look over before they appear, but I did not find occasion to even unbuckle a strap anywhere on the whole trip. A few days ago we were

all required to fill out an embarkation certificate and list every article purchased abroad, with its value in marks or dollars. A coupon, corresponding in number to the certificate is detached and left with the passenger, while the certificate itself is sent to New York, and the inspection is made accordingly. Each passenger is permitted to purchase $100 worth of goods or merchandise, free of duty, but he must be able, and prepared, to satisfy the inspector that the articles he purchased are truly for his own personal use, or for the use of his family.

The dinner bell is ringing, and we realize that this dinner will be the last that we eat on the President Grant, as we expect to take dinner tomorrow in New York. We leave the deck where we have been watching a small steamer, which is going in the opposite direction from us, bound we do not know where. The wind has risen again and it is not as pleasant as it was this morning.

Wednesday, October 1st.

Some of the passengers got up this morning at 4 o'clock, for the boat has stopped and is anchored in New York harbor. The vessel is to remain here until the health officer and physician come on board and make an inspection. We are called to breakfast early this morning—6 o'clock—about an hour earlier than usual, and we realize that it is our last meal on ship-board. The Olympic has just passed us. It is a very large ship, the largest, I understand, before the Titanic and the Imperator were built. The Imperator is now the largest, but it is to be surpassed by The Fatherland, which is now being built by the Hamburg-American Steamship Company.

The officers are now on board and we are required to hand them our embarkation cards, received at Cuxhaven, which is about all the examination amounts to,—only a little more red tape. The boat is now moving in towards the dock and all the passengers, baggage in hand, are waiting for the gang-plank to be put into position, so that they can make a break for land. We are all required to go to the initial letter department to answer to our embarkation number and have our baggage examined.

I showed the inspector my baggage and began to unstrap my suitcase. He simply said, "You are traveling light," and slapped an inspection stamp on each package and that was the end of my inspection. I might have had a thousand dollars worth of goods in my suitcase and no one would have been the wiser. However, as I said before, the person who makes a fair statement of his effects and does not attempt a

gross betrayal of his privileges has little to fear from the inspector.

One man who had one trunk, one or two boxes, a suitcase and a handbag, was required to open them all and expose nearly every article he had, and he had to make quite an explanation to satisfy the inspector that the value of the new goods in his possession did not amount to over one hundred dollars, and that it was for his own family use. The man was German-born, who, with some of his family, had been back to his native land on a visit, and he was evidently in good circumstances. Some of the contents of the trunk and boxes were, as I remember, two beautiful sets of portieres, several dress patterns, silverware, laces, and a number of other articles, all of excellent value, and if purchased in this country would have cost several times one hundred dollars. Many of these, he explained, had been given to him by his friends and relatives, others he stated the value of in marks which seemed to be extremely low, even in German money and in American values was next to nothing. I have no doubt, however, that the man was making a pretty truthful statement. I give this only as an illustration of the considerate treatment the traveler receives, if he is in any way consistent and honorable in his representations and conduct.

It had already commenced to rain before I left the boat, and upon coming out from under cover I realized that I was facing an all-day October rain. I was somewhat familiar with the surroundings here at Hoboken, so I started for the tunnel at once, which was only about a block and a half away. I intended to take the tunnel cars for Greely Place 34th and Broadway, two blocks from the Pennsylvania Station.

By the time I was fairly started the rain was coming down in torrents. It was by far the heaviest rain that I had seen for more than three months, at least the heaviest since I left New York in June. I had my baggage checked at the depot, then I went down on 34th Street to one of the Child's restaurants for dinner. After dinner I went to the office of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company to get some of my German money exchanged for American, but they referred me to a bank in the same block, where the cashier charged me something over $2.00 for the exchange. I went back to the Steamship Company and remonstrated with the man in charge, telling him that I asked for American money in Hamburg in exchange for an American Express check for $50,00, but was told that they could give me only German money. I took from the $50.00 the $7.50 for the additional passage money, leaving

$43.50, the amount the American bank had charged over $2.00 for exchanging. All my remonstrances, however, availed me nothing; the bank people maintained that they were right, that it was one of their rules to make such charges for exchanges.

The only satisfaction that I got was that I availed myself of free speech and told the cashier that it was a swindling operation, that the company had cheated me, and that it was the first time in three months' travel that such a trick had been played upon me—though many might have been played upon me in the countries in which I did not know the language.

It was getting late in the afternoon when I left there and it was still raining, so I took a Broadway car to the Greely Place to engage a room for the time I expected to stay in New York. This I found at The Atlin, a small hotel on 34th Street only about a block from the Pennsylvania station, the place where I had stopped before. After rambling about nearly all day in a drenching rain, a nice clean abode for the night was a thing most welcome and highly appreciated.

Thursday, October 2nd.

Got my breakfast at the Child's Restaurant on 34th Street, and then took the tunnel cars to Hoboken to look up a man, who is one of the officers at the Hamburg-American docks, by the name of Metz. I met him when I took passage in June and I promised him that I would advise him of any information gained while at my father's native place that might possibly lead to some connection between his family and my own. I found the man after some vigorous effort. He was very busy and had forgotten the occasion of my meeting him, until I had mentioned the fact. He seemed greatly pleased when the matter was mentioned but, knowing that his position did not admit of any lengthy conference, I simply handed him a statement that I previously prepared, told him to look it over at his leisure and write me if the information should prove of any interest. As I never heard from him in reply, I conclude that our families are in no way connected.

After returning from Hoboken, I took the auto bus on 5th Avenue and made my contemplated revisit to the Art Gallery. As I had plenty of time I saw many paintings that I overlooked when here in the spring. The following are a few that interested me, some of which I had seen in other galleries: "St. Bartholomew" by Rembrandt; "Mars and Venus" by Paolo Veronese; "Triumph of Love" by Benjamin West; "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur, original; "Four Saints" by Correggio; "Wolf and Fox Hunt" by Rubens; "John, the

Evangelist'' by Murillo; ''St. Michael, the Arch-Angel'' by Francisco de Zurbarche; ''The Rafflers'' by Ludwig Knaus; ''The Pleiads'' by Elihu Vedder; ''The Storm'' by Pierre A. Cot, French School, 1880; ''Washington Crossing the Delaware'' by Emanuel Leutze, 15x25 feet; ''Grazilla, a Girl of Capri'' by Julius Lefebrre; ''Lost'' by Jean T. Henner, exhibited at Chicago, 1893, (This is the picture of a group of sheep lost in a snow storm); ''The Battle of Friedland'' by Jean L. E. Meissonier. It is claimed that it took the artist twenty years to complete this painting, and that he modeled his horses and men in wax before he attempted to execute them with his brush. He was loath to part with the picture and have it taken from his studio in Paris, it is said, but being in need of funds, he finally sold it to an American for the handsome sum of $66,000.00. It was afterwards presented to the New York Art Club, and is now in the same room with Rosa Bonheur's ''The Horse Fair.'' I read an article some time ago in which it was stated that the French government offered $90,000.00 to get ''The Battle of Friedland'' back into France, but the offer was declined. The painting is not large, perhaps four feet by five or six feet.

There were many more paintings of note here, but originals of the old masters are rare and very difficult to obtain, even at exhoritant prices. However, I think I am safe in saying that in modern art we compare very favorably with European countries.

After leaving the Gallery I got dinner and then took a Broadway street-car to Mannheim's Art Store, 859 Broadway, to get a few Art post-cards. Then I went back to my hotel, got my baggage and went to the Pennsylvania stattion to take the train for Washington, D. C. It was then about 4 o'clock, so I had over an hour to wait.

As I boarded the train, I noticed that the clouds above were heavy and lowering, and during the early part of the evening a terrific thunderstorm came up, which lasted about an hour and a half. But by the time I reached Washington the storm had subsided and the atmosphere had cleared up, so that the night had become quite comfortable. It was about 11 o'clock when I arrived in Washington. I immediately found a room for the balance of the night at American Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue. I had had quite a strenous day of it, so good comfortable quarters were most welcome.

Friday, October 3rd.

After getting breakfast at the Toledo Restaurant on Pennsyl-

vania Avenue, I went to the Capitol. I had visited the building on several former occasions, but it is a good place to start from, and as it had been several years since I had been there last, I wanted to take a general review of some of its particular features. I was better prepared now than ever before, to appreciate what the American Capitol and the city itself meant to an American and to the American nation at large, since I could compare it with some of the most prominent capitols of Europe.

I have not the time nor the space in a sketch like this to make lengthy comparisons, but one thing in general stands out most conspicuously in everything one sees in this country, compared with the foreign countries. This is freedom and expanse—freedom as to its people—and expanse as to the distribution of its artificial objects. There is a marked regularity and method in everything we observe in Europe. The masonry in Italy is beautiful, but it conforms to rules laid down a thousand or more years ago. The cathedrals and many public buildings there are masterful examples of the architectural system of rules, but generations have adhered to these same methods for an indefinite time. This is not so in Ameica. Our very expanse has in the past begotten the freedom from precedent, the self-reliance and self-respect, that is so distinctly American. Our people are liberty-loving, fair, not restricted by close, confining boundaries, old methods and rules. They experiment, create, invent and develop. The individual, with us, is paramount. We undoubtedly make many mistakes, but these very mistakes are often suggestions for valuable improvements, and the resourcefulness of our people is truly wonderful and makes us the peers in that respect of all the nations.

Washington has a population of about 330,000 inhabitants. Its principal street is Pennsylvania Avenue, at the head of which is Capitol Hill, where the Capitol of the United States is situated. The Capitol building is considered one of the most beautiful public buildings in the world, and when erected, it cost upwards of $13,000,000. It is built in a pure, classic style, with two immense wings of white marble, extending from the central structure of light free-stone. The main front faces east, and is beautiful, with three splendid porticoes adorned by Corinthian pillars. The central portico contains noted groups of statuary, and on the esplanade, immediately in front, stands Greenough's famous colossal statue of Washington.

The entrance to the rotunda of the building is by the cele-

brated bronze door, designed by Randolph Rodgers, and made by Von Muller in Munich. It is 17 feet high, 9 feet wide and cost $28,000. The relief work on the door commemorates the Discovery of America by Columbus. The walls of the interior of the rotunda, which is 180 feet high and 96 feet in diameter, are ornamented with eight panels containing paintings of scenes in American history, while in a space 9 feet wide encircling the hall at a height of 107 feet, there is a series of relief work, also illustrating events in American history.

Above the rotunda is built the famous dome, which is 96 feet in diameter and 220 feet from the floor to its highest point. The interior of the dome is 135 1-2 feet in diameter, 241 feet above the main building and 307 1-2 feet from the ground. A spiral flight of stairs between the inner and outer walls leads to the gallery of the dome, which affords an excellent view of the fresco paintings overhead. The cupola, on top of the dome, is 17 feet in diameter and 52 feet in height. This is surmounted by a ball on which stands a bronze statue of "Liberty" 19 1-2 feet high, by Crawford.

Another impressive feature of the Capitol is the National Statuary Hall. In form it is semi-circular, with 24 colums. The ceiling is 57 feet high and 96 feet wide. Here are statues of the two most eminent men from each State in the Union.

The Hall of Representatives in the south wing of the Capitol is said to be the finest Legislative Chamber in the World. It is 36 feet high and 139 feet long by 93 feet wide. It contains a gallery with 1500 seats for spectators and desks for 386 members. The senate Chamber is 113 feet long by 81 feet wide. It also contains a gallery accomodating 1000 visitors, and desks for 90 Senators. Both of these chambers are tastefully decorated and are splendid specimens of architecture.

The panel paintings of the Rotunda, eight in number, are as follows: "Landing of Columbus" by Vanderlyn, "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto" by Will H. Powell, "Baptism of Pocahontas" by John G. Chapman, "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" by Weir, "Declaration of Independence" by Trumbull, "Surrender of Burgoyne" by Trumbull, "Surrender of Cornwallis," by Trumbull, and "Resignation of General Washington" by Trumbull. On the stair wall, the House side, is a fresco depiciting an overland scene in the early years of westward travel by wagons, "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way" by Emanuel Leutze, 1862.

On some of the other walls are: "Portrait of Washington," by Peal; "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie" by W. H. Powell in

1873, it is 20 by 30 feet; "Recall of Columbus" by A. G. Heaton and "Emancipation Proclamation," which is a modern painting that I had not seen before. There were a few others that I cannot recall.

These paintings and frescoes may not be considered so very remarkable for their artistic merit, but they are exceedingly valuable in portraying to coming generations those historical facts which keep alive patriotism, deepen love of country, and strengthen our independence. I was very much impressed, when visiting Tell's Chapel on the banks of Lake Lucerne, when told that the Swiss people of the surrounding country still bring flowers and decorate this chapel on a certain day of the year. The frescoes, pictures from the events of the life of Tell, adorn the back and side walls of the chapel, and it has a heavy iron grating in front. The pictures are fine, are well-preserved, and they will carry the story of Tell's heroism to generations unborn.

The new Congressional Library is built just east of the Capitol in a square of about 10 acres. It is three stories high, 470 feet long by 340 feet wide. It is constructed of White New Hampshire granite in the Italian Renaissance style and cost $6,347,000. The building contains an octagonal reading room of 100 feet in diameter. The library is constructed around four spacious inner courts and in all has 2,000 windows, which makes it the best lighted building of its kind in the world. The library can be made to accommodate 6,000,000 volumes.

The United States Treasury building is one and a fourth miles west of the Capitol. It is constructed of granite in the Ionic style, and cost $6,000,000. It is three stories high and 468 feet long by 264 feet wide. An Ionic colonnade, modeled after the temple of Minerva in Athens, is built on the east front. At the west front is a magnificient central entrance, with eight colossal monolithic colums.

The building of the State, War and Navy Departments is one of the largest public edifices in Washington. It is built of granite in the Roman Doric style, is four stories high, 567 feet long and 342 feet wide. It covers 4 1-2 acres and cost $11,000,000. In the north and east wings are the War and Navy Departments. The building contains in all 566 rooms. The Hall of the Secretary of State and the Ambassador's Room are located in this building.

The building of the Patent Office, also known as the Department of the Interior, is located in the central part of the City. It is 453 feet long by 351 feet wide, and is constructed

of granite, marble and freestone, in the Doric style. The main entrance faces F street and is reached by a broad stairway of granite steps. The model rooms countains thousands of models of every description. The length of the model room is 1,350 feet, or over a quarter of a mile.

The building of the Land Office is of white marble, 300 feet by 204 feet, in the Italian style and cost $1,700,000.

The pension building is constructed in the Renaissance style. It is 75 feet high by 400 feet long and 200 feet wide and covers 80,000 square feet. It stands on Judiciary Square.

The Smithsonian Institute is a magnificient structure erected of red sandstone in the old Roman style. It is 477 feet long, 150 feet wide and has nine towers ranging from 75 to 150 feet in height. It was established by James Smithson.

The remaining note-worthy buildings include the Bureau of Education, Department of Agriculture, Army Medical Museum and Library, Building of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries, United States Naval Observatory, Executive Mansion or "White House" and the National Soldiers' Home.

Besides the government buildings there are many more interesting structures of public and private character, while monuments of statutes commemorate on every hand, in all parts of the city, our great men and heroes of the the past.

The next visit I made was to the Corcoran Art Gallery and the following paintings are some that impressed me as being worthy of mention: "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Raphael; "Mercy's Dream" by Daniel Huntington; "A Family of Satyrs" by Louis Prian; "Washed Ashore" by Charles Stanley Reinhart; "Last of the Buffalo" by Albert Bierstad; "Washington Before Yorktown" by Peale; "The Longshoreman's Noon" by J. G. Brown, fine; "The Drought in Egypt" by J. Portalls; "A helping Hand" by Emile Renauf, exhibited in Paris, 1881, in Chicago in 1893; "Night" by Alboy Rebonet; "General Lee" by J. A. Elder; "General Jackson" by Elder; "The Vestal Tuccia" by Hector Leroux, 6 by 9 feet; "Charlotte Corday" by Lewis Muller; "Saying Grace" by Henry Mooler; "Lady and Dog" by B. O. Porter; "Cupid and Psyche by Benjamin West; "The Judgement of Paris" by Henry Peters Gray; "Shakespeare and His Contemporaries" by John Faed; "Lost Dogs" by O'Van Thoren—very good; "Deborah" by Sarah P. B. Dodson;" General Andrew Jackson" life size, by Thomas Sully.

It was late in the evening when I returned to my hotel. I got my dinner and retired early for I was to leave Washington the next morning for Newark, by way of the Pennsylvania

Railroad. The route is a very tedious and round about way but I found I could make better arrangements straight through from New York by this way.

The description of my visit to Washington, and of the many things to be seen there, may seem a little out of place in connection with the description of my foreign tour, but the visit to Washington was really part of my trip, for it was a stop-off on my return, and completed the trip. To my notion there are few places in this country where a week or so can be more profitably spent than in the City of Washington, and I lose no opportunity of advising my friends to make a visit there. Washington can be reached from all parts of our country about as cheaply and easily as any other point within a radius of many miles, and it is an ideal place for a vacation.

On the next morning, October 4th, I leave Washington about 9 o'clock and reach home about midnight of the same day.

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